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The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 184.—Vol. XIV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, June 12, 1907 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S RETURN *Spicer*

The ex-Colonial Secretary landing at Dover on his return from Valescure. Though improved in health, the journey had so fatigued Mr. Chamberlain that he had to be supported by Mr. Neville Chamberlain (left). Since his stay in London, however, he is much better, and has been out driving daily

No. 184.—Vol. XIV.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. **GAMES AND PASTIMES.**

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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"The Crimson Azaleas." By H. de Vere Stacpoole. (Unwin.)
"The Feast of Bacchus." By E. G. Henham. (Brown, Langham: 6*s.*)
"Astronomical Essays." By C. Eblard Gore. (Chatto and Windus: 6*s.*)
"Affairs of State." By Burton E. Stevenson. (Chatto and Windus: 3*s.* 6*d.*)
"A Race for a Crown." By W. H. Williamson. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)
"A Full-Length Portrait of Eve." By D. Douglas Brewer. (John Long: 6*s.*)
"The Way of War." By Hew Scott. (John Long: 6*s.*)
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"A Wife from the Forbidden Land." By Archer P. Crouch. (John Long: 6*s.*)
"His Italian Wife." By Lucas Cleeve. (John Long: 6*d.*)
"The Early Bird." By David Nutt. (1*s.* net.)
"The Woman Friend and the Wife." By Ethel Hill. (Greening: 6*s.*)
"Cricket." By Well-known Players. (Greening: 6*d.* net.)
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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1*d.* (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday June 12, 1907

The Prince of Asturias, who was entered last week on the roll of a regiment and given a gold regimental number to wear on his bib, is fast proceeding with his military education. He has already ridden a-cock horse several times, and it is believed that his autumn manœuvres—with the help of the leg of a chair—will be worth watching.

* * *

The Mayor of Coventry was certainly placed in a delicate position by the decision of the Historical Committee to clothe Lady Godiva in fleshings, a light cloak, and falling hair. Considering what the temperature was at the time, we agree with this humane man that a fur cloak and goloshes would have been far more sensible.

* * *

Claridge's, the Ritz, and the Carlton have been obliged of late to turn away so many scores of American visitors, owing to being full up, that it is becoming quite a problem where these people, most of whom can endure nothing short of extreme luxury, can have been accommodated. Perhaps, however, the answer will be given in the course of the Local Government Board Enquiry at the new Hammersmith Workhouse.

* * *

The Brixton Oratorio Society has been giving some choral and solo selections to the prisoners in Brixton Gaol, and many musicians are of opinion that the Home Secretary ought to take this fact into consideration when he is revising the sentences which the unfortunate inmates have been condemned to undergo.

* * *

Dr. Bell is the latest person who has solved the problem of the flying-machine. He maintains that all really that remains to be done is "to perfect the machine for every-day work under any atmospherical conditions." Just so.

* * *

His own model is constructed on the tetrahedral cells' principle. We do not quite understand how this works, but if it will pack small and go on to a cart easily, that is the chief thing. The horse will do the rest.

* * *

A costermonger, who has been disappointed by the views of the Olympia Committee as to what constitutes a perfect donkey, is reported to have expressed himself in the following terms: "Sleek? 'E ain't got the 'iley 'ide o' some o' them—my Ned ain't—but where's the moke in Tarn as'll beat 'is nine an' a 'arf miles in th' hour, and 'im fed on orange peels?"

* * *

The Oxford Pageant Committee is said to be quite undismayed by the recent attack made on its properties by Christ Church undergraduates. That is the right attitude. If only the Christ Church undergraduates are also undismayed by the penalties the law attaches (as the Mayor of Oxford said) to acts of wilful mischief, the Pageant ought to be a most successful one.

* * *

The Charing Cross, Euston, and Hampstead line expect to carry two hundred thousand passengers on their opening day, June 22, when no charge is to be made for travel. It will probably be a case not only of free seats, but free laps.

The Real Reason

HE: "Yaas, I shan't be sorry to chuck golf and get back to good old cricket."
LITTLE MISS INNOCENT: "I suppose you find a bigger ball easier to hit?"
(BY FRED BUCHANAN)

Thrifty

"Mamma, can I go to bed an hour earlier than usual to-night?
"An hour earlier! What for?"
"I want to say my prayers for three weeks ahead."

(By Hilda Cowham)

Shopping by telephone has made such great strides of late that ladies have almost given up going round and tasting the cheese. They just call it up. On the whole, as men, we do not resent the change. It means that we are more likely to get good cheeses, and less likely to get cheeses with holes all over them, the result of bits that ladies had tasted and were afterwards put back by the prudent cheesemonger. We give our *imprimatur* to cheeses by telephone. The ideal way of getting them would be to order them ourselves, but we shall have to wait for that till some inventor has produced a Smellophone.

* * *

Souvenirs

(*The Duke of the Abruzzi, during his stay in New York, had to be carefully guarded against such souvenir-hunters as in Hampton Roads the other day culled the golden buttons of his uniform, besides stripping the flagship of every available article.*)

Mrs. Hiram P. Vanderfeller sighed sweetly.

"I didn't know it was gold," she said. "I'm glad I've gotten it, though."

"And you're not going to return it, in spite of the Duke's advertisement?" I asked severely.

"I guess not," said Mrs. Hiram. "Finding's keepings, you know."

"How did you *find* a gold button?" I inquired.

"Scissors," said Mrs. Hiram. "I always carry them when I'm going to see notables. You never know what you won't have to cut. Look at that?"

"That" was a lock of somewhat coarse hair, which Mrs. Hiram had produced from a metal box.

"Whose is it?" I asked.

"Paderewski's. He was playing in N' York that night. Divinely. He got so plumb on our emotions that we rushed the rail at the end."

"And you cut that off—by violence?"

"I didn't hustle any more than the rest. He was kind of screaming all the time. They were trying to kiss him. If the scissors hadn't got caught in the rest of it, I'd have got it off clean. It can't have hurt much anyway. It takes me right back to Liszt, and Brahms, and lovely rich chords when I look at it."

"That's nice," I said. "And have you any other souvenirs?"

She produced, promptly enough, some short, dark clippings done up in white silk.

"Caruso's whiskers. Said to be. I had to pay for them though, and I'm not sure they're genuine. . . . These are!"

"What are they?" I asked, as she handed me some half-dozen buttons.

"Off the coats of some of the Honourable Artillery boys that came over from the old country. Poor fellows! They got colds on the chest—some of them—through not being able to button up. I got mine when they were waiting for a train. Just walked along the rows and snipped. They were vurry polite about it. Say, do you really think that can be your King's? Does he wear a check like that? Mrs. Washington Toker gave it me—said she got it cut when he was over here as Prince."

I examined the precious piece of cloth, but was unable to say if the material was of a Royal pattern.

"I should say not," I said, and Mrs. Hiram's face fell. "The souvenir habit didn't exist then anyhow, did it?"

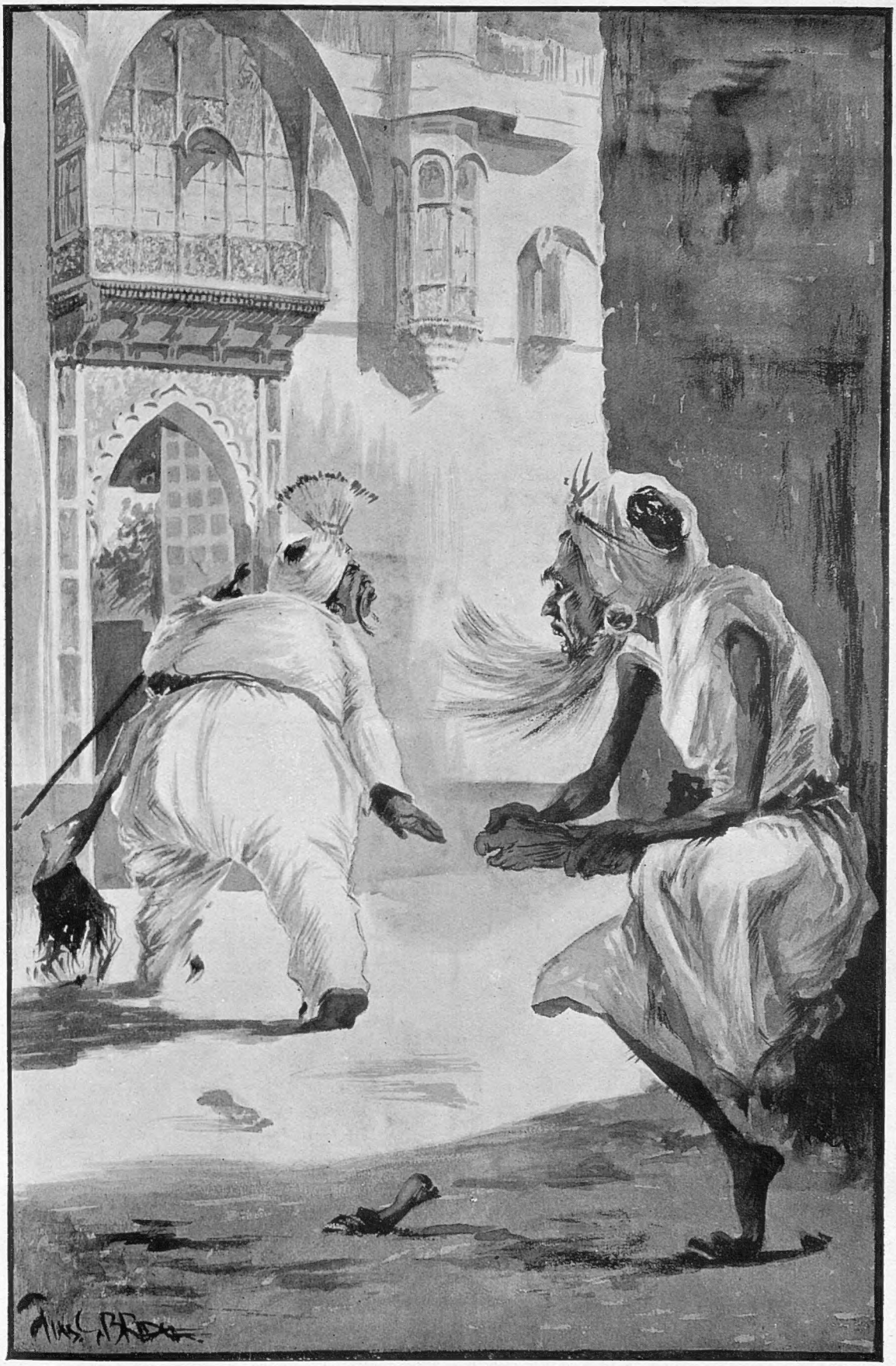
"I don't know," she said. "It does now."

"That's obvious," I said. "It makes me feel nervous."

"Don't be afraid," said Mrs. Hiram. "You aren't a notable, you know. You don't think I've taken anything from you, do you?"

I felt about the place where my heart ought to be, and said I thought not. It wasn't polite perhaps, but one doesn't like souvenirs to be taken from one by force, even though the thief is a charming American.

Unrest in India—A Bad Case

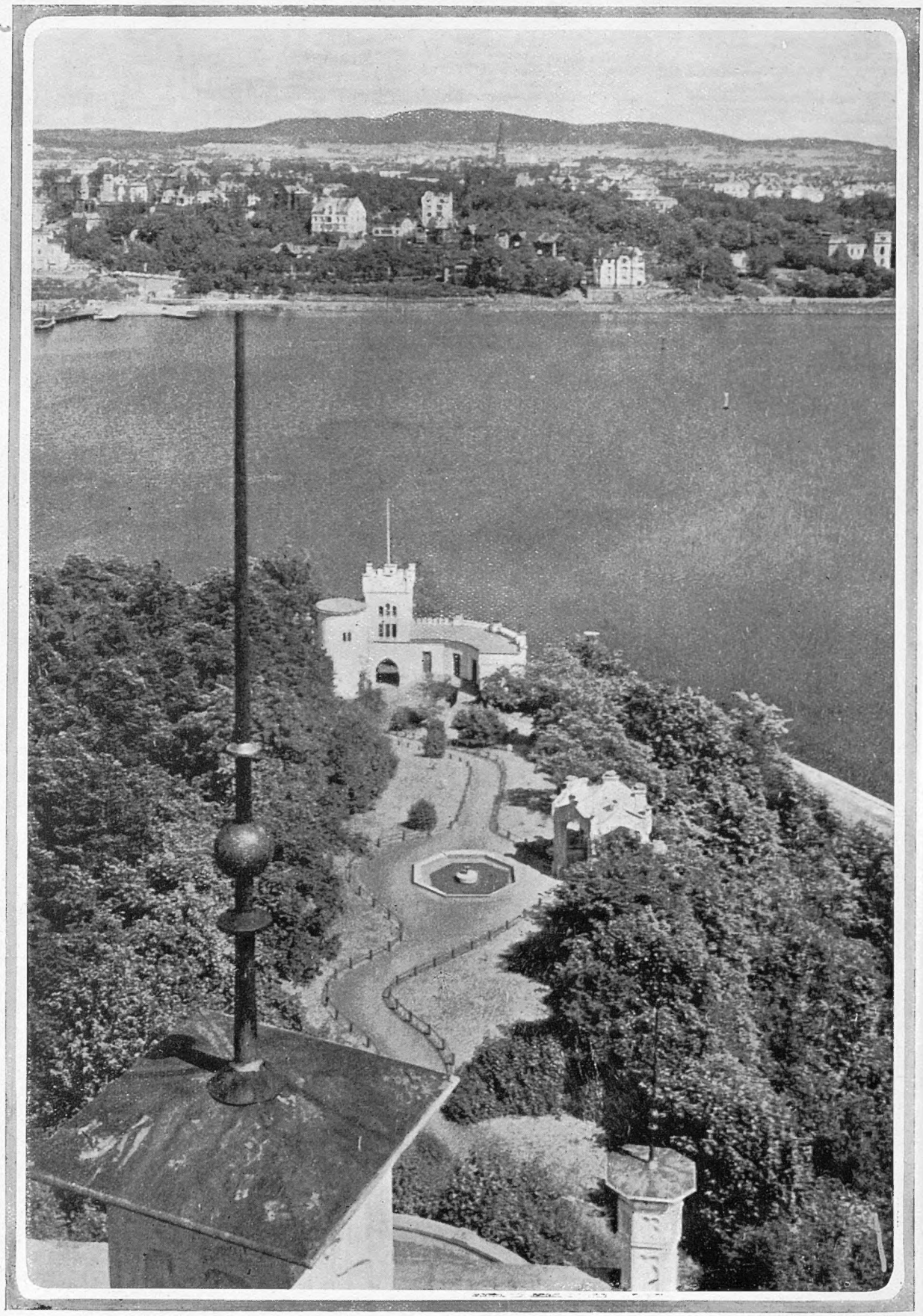


There was an old man of Bombay,
Who thought it quite proper to say,
What he thought of the grace
And the style and the face
Of the man who got into his way

DRAWN BY FRANK BRIDGES

A Trysting Place of Kings

CHRISTIANIA—THE SCENE OF NEXT MONTH'S REMARKABLE MEETINGS



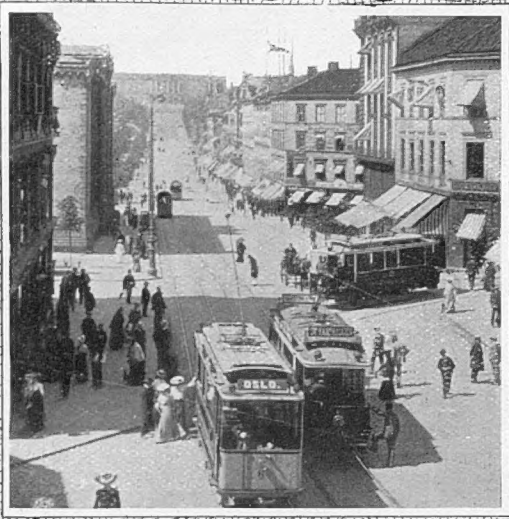
From stereograph copyright *Underwood and Underwood, London and New York*

Christiania—from the Oscarshal Gardens

Norway's beautiful capital will, next month, be the scene of one of the largest gatherings of rulers of States of recent years. King Haakon's visitors will include, for a certainty, H.M. King Edward, the Kings of Spain and Denmark, and President Fallières. As Society is likely to follow in the wake of its leader, it is well to remind it that, on June 20, the P. and O. Company's steam yacht *Vectis* leaves Tilbury for Christiania, taking in the Kiel Regatta and Copenhagen *en route*, and proceeding, from the Norwegian capital, to the Fjords and Bergen—a trip which she repeats in August next

World's Pageant

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By



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Christiania's Chief Thoroughfare: Karl Johann Street

In which the principal business houses are situated. At the top of the hill is the Royal Palace. Up and down this street many famous Norwegians have been seen walking. It was the daily promenade of Ibsen and Dr. Nansen when in the capital, the former proceeding regularly every morning to a certain *café* for his *aperitif*

The Week of the Season

Court entertainments and Court functions this week absorb all lesser social festivities. The presence of the King and Queen of Denmark in London, the unusual circumstance of the Court being out of mourning, and the fact that both King Edward and Queen Alexandra, after their long holiday, are in the very best of health and spirits, all combine to establish a record week. The period between the Epsom meeting and Ascot, when the Court adjourns to Windsor, is invariably passing gay; this year it promises to be gayer than usual.

A Long List of Engagements

Yesterday the King and Queen, accompanied by the King and Queen of Denmark, attended the Horse Show at Olympia, and last night was fixed for the gala performance at Covent Garden, which was calculated to bring together as many of the fine flower of British aristocracy as could afford the high prices of the seats, and positively the whole of that more ornate blossom—the aristocracy of wealth. Boxes were fifty guineas apiece, and stalls eight, so the opera-loving element should have been well represented. To-day, a Review of the troops is to be held at Aldershot, and to-night a State ball and

An Artist's Fraternal Tribute: Mr. Johnstone-Douglas's Painting of his Seven Sisters

The history of brotherly devotion has few more beautiful examples than is shown in the above painting. In it the artist, Mr. Sholto Johnstone-Douglas, pays Art's tribute to the beauty of his seven sisters, among them Lady Kinross and Mrs. Carruthers. Mr. Johnstone-Douglas is a member of the Queensberry family, and unites in his person the known proclivities of the Douglases for art and sport. His father, Mr. Douglas, of Locherbie, won the Grand National, and Mr. Johnstone-Douglas has performed in one picture the feat of expressing the motor-car on canvas—that contrivance having made its *début* as an Academy subject last year in one of his inspirations

(*Now Being Exhibited at the Alpine Club*)

To Tokio in a Fortnight

banquet takes place at Buckingham Palace. To-morrow, the Queen opens the Crippled Children's Charity Fête at the Mansion House; and on Monday the King and Queen open the new school buildings at Wellington, and afterwards proceed to Windsor, where, on Tuesday, a large house-party will assemble for Ascot.

* * *

The Overland Route to Japan

To-day is the fifty-fifth birthday of Sir Claude Macdonald, our Ambassador in Tokio. He has been home on leave since January, and has been foremost in the entertainments in connection with the visit of Prince Fushimi, but last week he returned to Japan. He was accompanied by Colonel Richard Boger, Royal Field Artillery, and both proceeded to Tokio by the newly opened route *viâ* Siberia, which, being shorter by one-half than any previously discovered, should enable them to reach their far-off destination in a fortnight. Colonel Boger, who has been appointed Military Attaché to our Embassy in Tokio, is not only a keen and distinguished soldier (amongst whose active services to his country may be mentioned many years of experience in Indian frontier troubles), but he is a fine specimen of that *rara avis*, the John Bull, whose extinction would be a truly deplorable circumstance from a national British point of view. Having held an important command in South Africa during the Boer War, and having accompanied the Japanese troops during their successful struggle with Russia, Colonel Boger is still strongly of opinion that the British soldier is second to none! The Colonel and Sir Claude Macdonald are old and tried friends, but this will be Colonel Boger's first experience in the Service; no doubt he will speedily acquire that polished, inscrutable demeanour which constitutes the power as well as the charm of diplomatists.

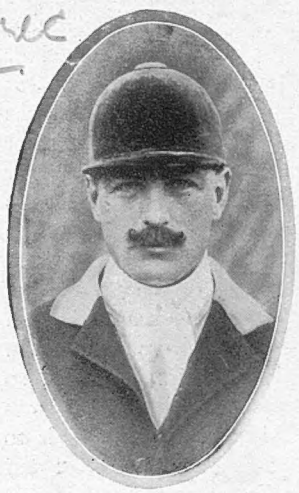


Photo *Fisk-Moor*

Mr. H. W. Selby Lowndes

Master of the East Kent Foxhounds. A testimonial is being organised, to be presented to him by the Hunt shortly

Photo *Dickinsons*

Colonel Boger

New British Military Attaché in Tokio, whither he is now proceeding in the company of his chief, Sir Claude Macdonald, the Ambassador

* * *

A Sportsman and a Painter

The Gallery of the Alpine Club for the last few days, during which Mr. Sholto Johnstone-Douglas has been showing his pictures, has become quite a rendezvous. The *nouveaux riches* came to see whether it really would be wise to have their portraits painted by a collateral of the Queensberry Douglases, even though he be not yet quite a Sargent, and the other people came to see how one of their own set could paint. Mr. Douglas, who is the son of Mr. Arthur Johnstone-Douglas, of Lockerbie, Dumfries-shire, one year a winner of the Grand National with "Old Joe," is one of a large family. His brother is studying with M. Edouard de Reszke, who, by the way, turned up at Mr. Douglas's private view, and of his eight sisters, seven of whom are depicted in the picture we illustrate, three are now Lady Kinross, Mrs. Carruthers, and the Hon. Mrs. Douglas Carnegie respectively.

* * *

Sisters as Sitters

Mr. Douglas, as befits one of a family pre-eminently sporting, considers that art and sport are, as a rule, quite unnecessarily divorced. He sees no reason why a man should not be both artist and sportsman, but he admits that the combination is rare. He rejects with scorn the usual condolences offered to a man with eight sisters. He finds them extremely useful as models, he says; but then Mr. Douglas is fortunate in possessing a bevy of pretty and paintable sisters; otherwise, he *might* tell a different tale. Mr. Douglas's talent, which is apparent in his portraits,

The Countess of Kenmare

She is a daughter of the first Lord Revelstoke, *née* the Hon. Elizabeth Baring, and is very well known and popular in Ireland

(*From a painting by Mr. Sholto Johnstone-Douglas, now being exhibited at the Alpine Club*)

An American Sportswoman

Mrs. George Gould and her Daughter, Miss Gloria Gould

Mrs. George Gould is chiefly known in this country as the mother of Jay Gould, the well-known tennis player, who defeated Mr. Eustace Miles, the English champion, the other day. Like her husband, who is the head of the well-known Gould family, she is a keen enthusiast in all kinds of sport, especially fishing and yachting

Two Acquisitions for Social London

must not be judged by his Academy picture of 1906, in which the first motor-car to enter Burlington House played a part. After all, who could paint the soul of a motor-car? Mr. Douglas, I understand, intends in future to paint his sitters in an

Photo "*Graphic*" *Photo Agency*

The New Miniature Rifle Range at the Bath Club

Opened by Earl Roberts on Friday last

ordinary room—that is, in a room where there is no top light. By this means a more natural portrait will be obtained.

* * *

A Popular Irish Landlord

The Lord Chancellor, Lady Mount Stephen, Ethel, Lady Brabourne, and Lady Kenmare, are amongst the most recent of Mr. Douglas's portraits. Lady Kenmare, who was the Hon. Elizabeth Baring, a daughter of the first Lord Revelstoke, is as popular in Dublin Society as her husband is popular with his tenants in Killarney. Lord Kenmare's furniture industry has proved a great success, and his Castlerosse School of Industry for training girls in domestic duties has been equally successful. Ladies go there to find servants and men to find wives—both, they say, are good. Lord Kenmare possesses a charming personality and much tact. He acted some years ago as A.D.C. to the Governor of Victoria; he was State Steward to the Earl of Aberdeen during his first Viceroyalty in Ireland, and was also Master of the Horse to Lord Dudley when he reigned at the Castle.

* * *

An American Royal Duchess

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, when they return from the celebration of the golden wedding of the King and Queen of Sweden, will bring their daughter and her husband, Prince Gustavus of Sweden, with them. The American invasion being now at its height, it is obvious that the Duchess of Connaught wishes to be in London, for it is from amongst Americans that she chooses her best friends, as well as those of her daughters'. Her Royal Highness, however, in spite of her marked *penchant* for Americans, is, with the exception of the daughters of the King and Queen, just about the shyest woman on earth. She is subject to fits of shyness which amount almost to panic; and Princess Patricia, on her return from India, told how she had positively to push her mother into the dining-room whenever they were dining in public.

* * *

Holds the Reins, All the Same

As is the case with most women afflicted (one can call it nothing else in the case of a Royal Princess) with shyness, the Duchess of Connaught either makes friends—or enemies. People either like her very much, or—the other thing. There seems no happy medium. But with Americans she is quite at home. Mrs. Jack Leslie even chooses some of her gowns for her, and Miss Nellie Post, Mrs. Adair's charming niece, is the friend both of Princess Adolphus and of Princess Patricia. In the Connaught *ménage*, by the way, in spite of her Royal Highness's shyness, it is the Duchess who holds the ribbons. The Duke is as easy-going and as good-natured as he is good-looking, and is one of those men, of all men the most comfortable to live with, who will barter their very souls for "a quiet life."

* * *

An American Sportswoman

Mrs. George Gould, whose photograph we publish, together with her daughter, Gloria, is chiefly known to fame in England as the mother of Jay Gould, the tennis champion. Her husband is the head of the Gould family, and is a brother of Miss Helen Gould, the philanthropist, of the Comtesse Boni de Castellane, who recently divorced her amorous French

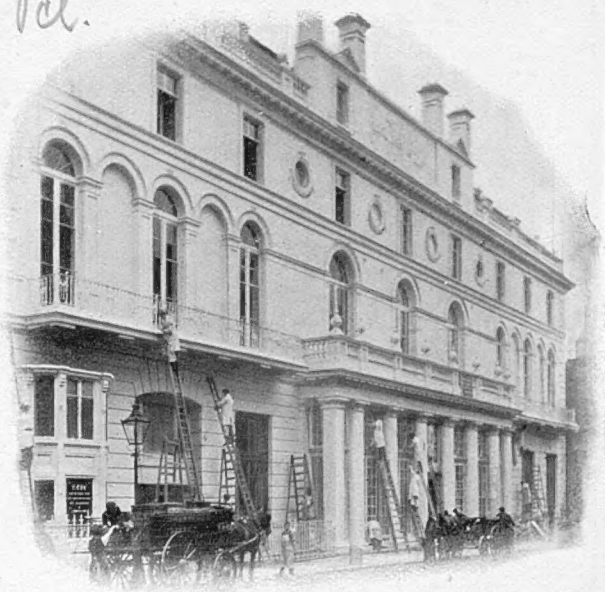


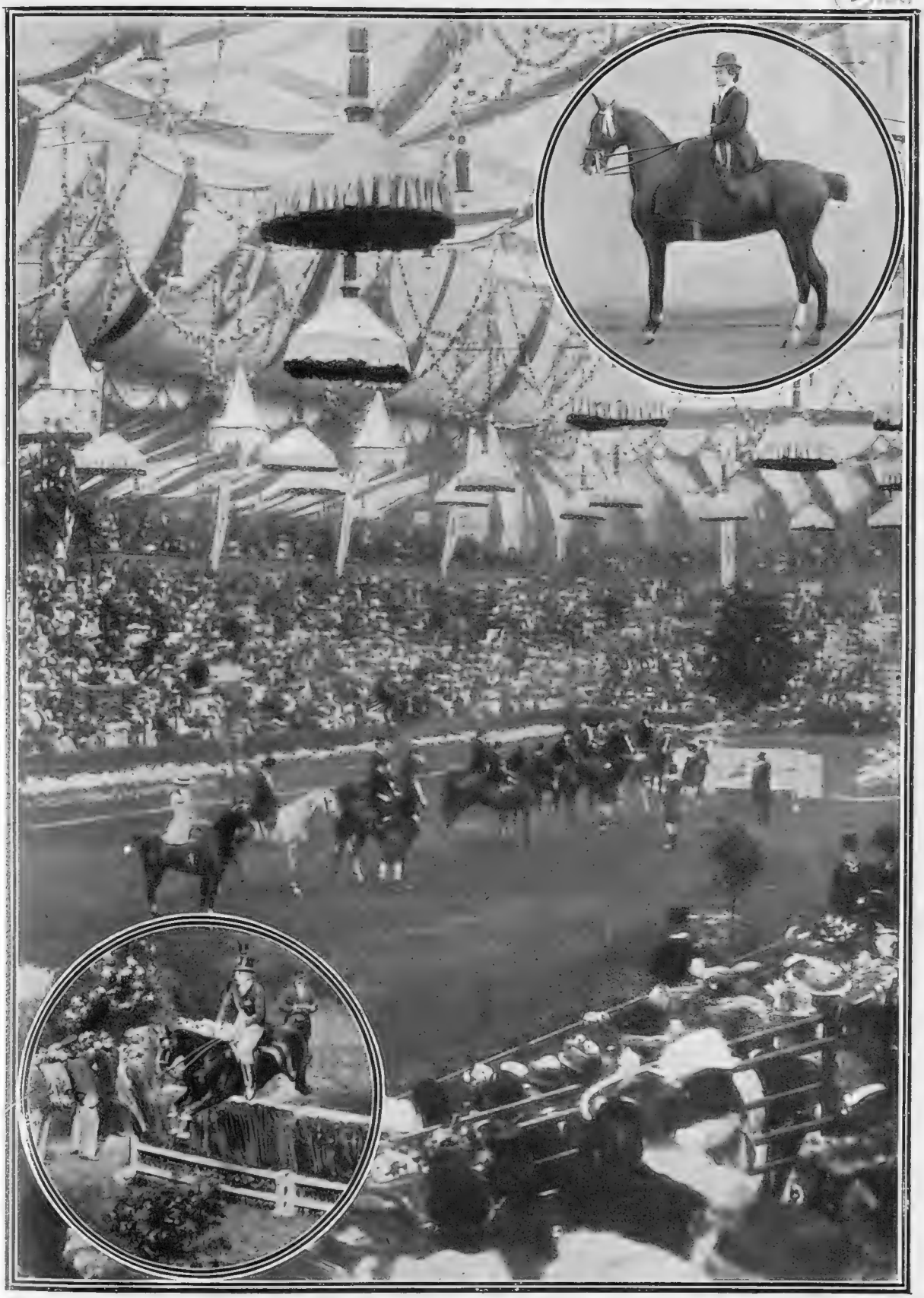
Photo *Large*

The New Tea-Shop in St. James's Street (Rumpelmeyer's)

A resort likely to be fashionable this season. It is to be opened this month by Rumpelmeyer's, the premises being formerly occupied by the Junior Army and Navy Club

husband, and of Mr. Howard Gould, who is seeking to divorce his wife, *née* Miss Viola Clemmons, actress. Like her husband, who is a crack polo player, Mrs. George Gould is keen on all forms of sport. She has Devonshire blood in her veins, which perhaps

The Great Horse Show at Olympia



A German Competitor doing a Good Jump

Miss Frances Cohen riding Poetry of Motion, winner of the Ladies' Hacks

Judging the Ladies' Hack Class

Even the most sanguine hopes of the promoters of the Olympia Horse Show must have been exceeded, so great has been the success of their venture. Many people have had to be turned away each day owing to lack of accommodation. Despite prophecies to the contrary, this country has been well able to hold her own against her Continental and American rivals, notably in the Trotting Class, where the best of American trotters were beaten by Mr. Walter Winans's "Barney F." The decoration of the show ring is most artistic, flowers, trees, and even real turf combining to make the scene as natural as possible, while the stalls of many of the animals are draped in chiffon and plush

Photographs by Sport and General, Topical, and Clarke and Hyde

Personalities at the Derby

accounts for her prowess as a fisherwoman, and she is also an enthusiastic yachtswoman. Mrs. Gould has a magnificent house in Fifth Avenue, where big entertainments are given.

* * *

Rifle Shooting at the Bath Club

The miniature rifle range which has lately been constructed on the roof of the Bath Club, along the racquet court, is proving an almost unexpected success. Many members, chiefly women and friends of Lord Desborough, the President of the Bath Club, have joined. Lord Roberts opened the club a week or two ago, and signalised the event by scoring a bull's-eye with his first shot. He is tremendously keen just now on rifle clubs, as everyone knows, and would like them opened in every school, club, office, and factory all over the country. "Rifle clubs," he said, "are not perhaps quite all that is needed to make a soldier, but they go a long way towards it."

* * *

The Derby

Once again, having put my whole trust in "Carbine," I came off quite nicely over the Derby. The results of backing Orby, son of Orme, son of Ormonde, for a careful "win and a place," will, at any rate, go to pay for the eucalyptus and camphor and other remedies necessary to allay the cold I caught on those wet, wet downs. So much for a winner. For the losers, the whole-hearted backers of the favourite, this year's Derby must have been distinctly depressing, for it rained heavily both on the journey down and on the return, though it was fine for the actual race. "Boss" Croker, of Tammany Hall, a quaint, solid figure, looking for all the world like a Scotch elder in his broadcloth, and attired in black trousers and an old-fashioned black frock-coat, is little known in the world which fills the Grand Stand and the enclosures. No beautiful women, and men groomed to shining-point clustered round the "Boss" to offer congratulations. The King, of course, with the tact and charm which is his special prerogative, shook hands and warmly congratulated the winner. But in the stands and in the paddock there was little enthusiasm. Nothing bores "Society" more than the successes of people outside "our set"; and, as everyone knows, it is the *chic* thing just now, when one *is* bored, to show it and to let no one forget it.

Miss Minnie Donner

Daughter of Mr. Donner, of Priest Hill, Englefield Green, near Ascot, and Cannes, who was married at St. Peter's Old Windsor, on June 5, to Mr. R. M. Carlile, a former captain of the Oxford Eleven, and a double Blue

Fashions at Epsom

There was a great disappointment that the Queen was not present. In her place, however, came the Princess of Wales, looking charming, but rather thin, and not particularly well, and with the King, while the race of the day was being run, was Mary, Lady Gerard in serge with gold buttons and the Duchess of Devonshire in black and blue. Black, in some form or another, indeed, was introduced into every get-up. Lady Sarah Wilson was gowned with elaborate simplicity in black and white, but her Mephistophelian feathers vied in hue with the uniforms of the King's bodyguard of Indian officers, and Mrs. Hwfa Williams, who is always so well dressed, was also another black and white vision. Mr. W. K. D'Arcy had a lot of friends on his stand adjoining the Paget stand, and Mrs. D'Arcy looked extremely well in sapphire-blue. The tailor-made, however, preponderated, the weather being so very unpropitious, and the Hon. Gladys Fellowes (the bride of the week), the Hon. Mrs. Albert Petre, and Lady Dorothy Coventry were among its many disciples. Several men, including Lord Lonsdale, wore buttonholes, a fashion the King has this year brought back into favour.

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Lord Lucas of Crudwell

After two years of strenuous fighting for his rights, Baron Lucas of Crudwell, formerly Mr. Auberon Thomas Herbert, son of the late Hon. Auberon Herbert, the famous Individualist, has established his claim to a seat in the House of Lords. For two hundred years no Lord Lucas of Crudwell has sat in the Upper Chamber, though several members of the family have sat by virtue of other titles owned by them, and now extinct. The peerage was created by Charles II., and the new Lord Lucas inherited the title and the Scottish barony of Dingwall on the death of the late Earl Cowper. His accession placed him in a dilemma. He was Liberal Candidate for South Hunts, but his title now prevented his being elected to the House of Commons. He was a Whig, and so his opinions made it fairly obvious that he would never be elected to the House of Lords as a Scottish representative peer. So he fought for his ancient rights, and now he takes his seat in the House of Lords as a matter of course as an English baron. Lord Lucas twice rowed in the Oxford crew, is over six feet high, proportionately proportioned, and still "in the morn and liquid dew of youth." He is also a young man

A Newcomer in the Upper House

of rather decided opinions, and seems to think the Upper Chamber—"that Hospital for Invalids," as Pulteney (Lord Bath) once called it—will be none the worse for his incursion therein.

* * *

The Horse Show at Olympia

During the last week there has been no getting away from the Horse Show. Columns of Horse Show details have filled the newspapers. Even the day's requirements of Messrs. Lyons, the caterers, have been given us, and little lists, such as:

12,000 rolls
24,000 sandwiches
5,000 sticks of asparagus
16,800 slices of bread and butter
12,000 fancy pastries

have been read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested by the whole newspaper reading public. As a social function, of course, there has been nothing to beat it for many a long day. The Englishman, by virtue of his birthright, has to *pretend* to be interested in horseflesh even if, in reality, it bores him unspeakably. The world and his wife, therefore, it being the proper thing to do, have spent most of the week in the wilds of far Kensington, and now know more about horses than they either deserve or desire.

Photo *Digby*

Lord Lucas of Crudwell

Who has just established his claim to a seat in the House of Lords. He is the son of the late Hon. Auberon Herbert, the famous Individualist

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The Building

Thousands of pounds were spent on decoration alone, and certainly, for a glass monstrosity, the place looked its best. Flowers would make beautiful a prison cell or the Albert Hall, and flowers abounded. The light which beats so fiercely about the glass roof was tempered with banners symbolic of all horse-breeding nations. The boxes were re-named "boudoirs," so elaborate was their scheme of decoration. White chiffon lined the stalls which sheltered Mr. Armour's champions, while pale blue cloth and scarlet and gold lace enhanced the beauty of the animals of Messrs. Guinness and Mr. Winans. The ring itself was literally transformed. Turf from the Surrey Hills covered the banks, and may-trees in full bloom, young willows and chestnuts, and clumps of rhododendrons sprang out of the arena in

Photo *London Stereoscopic Co.*

Fifty Years Since the Mutiny: Some of the Defenders of Lucknow and Members of the Relieving Force received by the King last week

(*Standing, left to right*) Surgeon-Major H. M. Greenhow, Colonel W. Cleland, Captain J. Robertson, Mr. Simon Martin, Colonel John Pilkington Blake, Colonel W. Charsley-Thomas, Colonel J. Bonham, C.B., Mr. L. E. Rees, Mr. J. Berrill, Colonel G. Stewart, C.B., Captain J. R. Pearson, Major C. H. Dale, Lieut.-Colonel L. A. M. Graeme
(*Sitting*) Mr. C. Dodd, Major-General J. Ruggles, Major-General H. Cook, General Sir George Digby Barker, K.C.B., Lieut.-General Sir J. Clerk-Rattray, K.C.B., Major J. Finlay, Major-General F. E. A. Channer, C.I.E.

The Social Side of the Derby

WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE PRESENT ON THE GREAT DAY

Lord Rosebery (talking to D. Maher)

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Lord Southampton, Major Edwardes, Lady Southampton

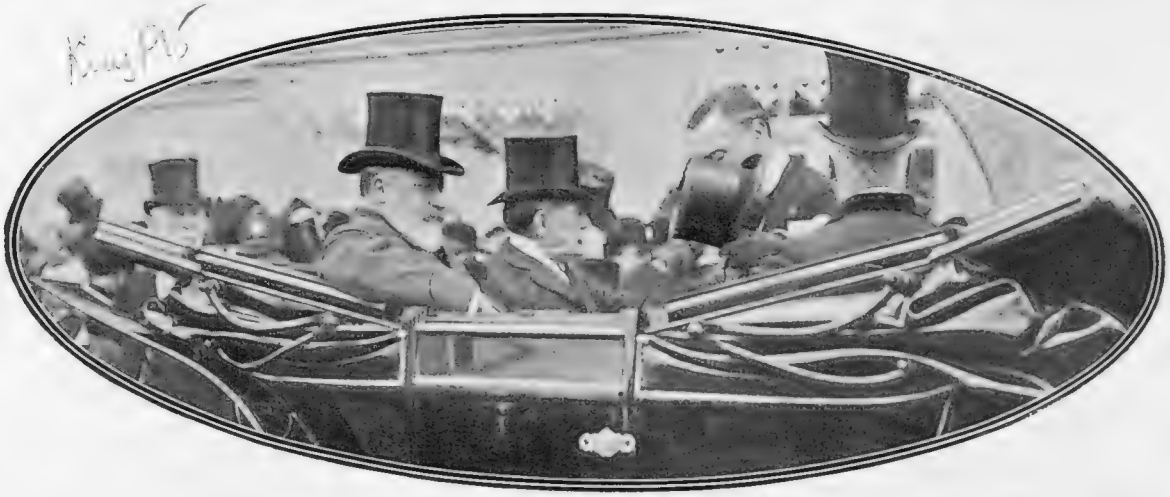
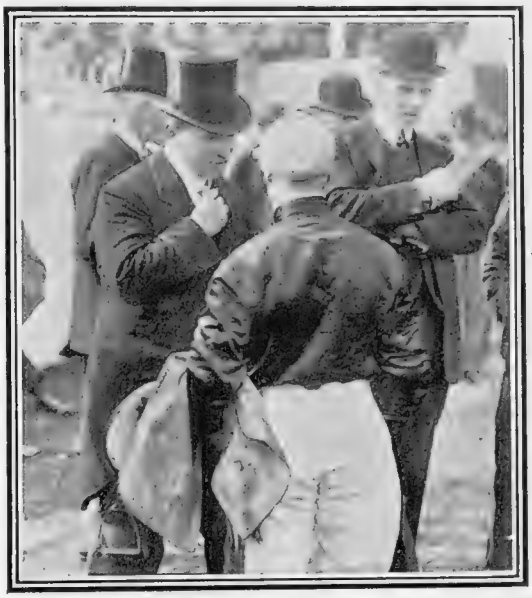


Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

ARRIVAL OF THE KING

Photos

The Duke of Westminster, Earl of Sefton, and Lady Innes-Ker



Illustrations Bureau

Captain Greer (owner of Slieve Gallion) talking to his jockey

Last week's Epsom Meeting was not favoured with weather that one usually associates with "leafy June," but though rain fell copiously in between whiles, the two historic events of the week, the Derby and the Oaks, were favoured with fine spells. The weather conditions, however, did not affect the attendance. His Majesty was present on Wednesday and Friday. It was a week of surprises, for both the Derby and Oaks favourites were defeated. "Boss" Croker's Orby won the Derby; the favourite, Slieve Gallion, came in third. Mr. J. B. Joel's Glass Doll was the winner of the Oaks, the favourite Witch Elm, having won not even a "place"

"The Hoax"

SOME SPECTATORS OF LAST FRIDAY'S AMAZING RACE

Lord and Lady Ilchester and Mr. Larnach

Major Wilson and Lady Sarah Wilson

Photos *W. G. Phillips*

Something Very Funny: An amused but very smart assemblage on Mr. D'Arcy's Stand

Photo *W. G. Phillips*

Lady Alice Stanley, the Hon. Mrs. Lancelot Lowther, and Prince Christian

Mr. A. James and Lady Wolverton

The racing for the Oaks was somewhat sensational—it was, in fact, fittingly described as "the hoax." Neither the "favourite" nor even the "favoured" among the horses won or gained places. Witch Elm was completely outpaced. Mr. Joel's GLASS DOLL was the surprising victor, followed by Laomedia and Lady Hasty. Twenty-five to one was the winner's starting-price, and Mr. Joel won 4,500 sovs. in stake-money. Only eighty yards from the finish did GLASS DOLL threaten danger, and her victory was little short of electrical. Little or no enthusiasm was, however, shown by the spectators—in fact, disappointment was the general sentiment, alike on the stands, in the ring, and over the Downs

The Dawn of a New Shipping Era

Photo *Boyton*

A Demonstration during the Miners' Strike in Johannesburg

Entering Market Square, Johannesburg, on Sunday, May 12,

the most natural manner, "all a' growin' and a' blowin'." The Show closes to-morrow (Thursday); and its social apex was expected yesterday, when the King and Queen of England and the King and Queen of Denmark were down for a visit, together with a brilliant company of notabilities, both English and American.

To America by the Liner Luxurious

To Southampton—to a town gay with flags and bunting—was it my lot to travel recently for the celebrations in connection with the commencement of the White Star Line's new Southampton-New York service. This innovation means much to Southampton, and, in fact, as Mr. Harold Sanderson, the General Manager of the line, said at the inaugural luncheon given on board the magnificent *Adriatic*, "A new volume of Southampton's history has been opened." The new twin-screw, 25,000-ton *Adriatic*, which has been built especially for this service, is the most magnificent, and also the largest passenger boat afloat. Its length, to be exact, is 725 ft. 9 in., or half as long again as St. Paul's Cathedral, and, not only is its first-class accommodation even finer than the most modern hotel, containing everything, from self-contained suites to Turkish and plunge baths, but both its second and third class are a great improvement on anything before seen. There can be no doubt that this route will rapidly become the most popular one to America, especially with those in the South of England, for Southampton is only one and a half hour's journey from Town, and the South-Western Railway makes every arrangement for the convenience of passengers.

Photo *Cribb*

The Dawn of a New Shipping Era: The first sailing of the White Star Liner, "Adriatic," on the new Southampton-New York Service

Besides being the largest and most palatial passenger boat afloat, the *Adriatic* is the first of the four White Star liners to start on that Company's new Southampton and New York Service, which will mean so much to our Southern port. The *Adriatic* is 725 ft. long, or half as long again as St. Paul's Cathedral, and is fitted in the most luxurious style possible. In the background of the photograph is the *Suevic*, which was wrecked recently, but the fore part of the vessel, wedged on the rocks having been blown up, she has been safely towed into harbour

Matters Musical

Mme. Donalda

Who is singing this season at Covent Garden. She is the *protégée* of Lord Strathcona

Time's Changes

Time is bringing its changes in the musical world as in all others. A few years ago, the present would have been a month of terror for all who attend concerts, either for pleasure, profit, or the newspapers. Well do I remember the time when, to keep in touch with events, one had to hire a cab for every afternoon in the week, which would rush one helter-skelter from top notes at the Bechstein to fiddle-sticks at the Steinway, *viâ* key-thumps at the Æolian and bottom-notes at the Erard, to drum-taps and brass-blares at the Queen's Hall; then, exhausted, to five hours of Wagner at the Opera—and so to a sleepless bed.

* * *

Long-Haired Talent

Well, it is not quite so bad to-day. People are no longer concert-crazy. The critical are allowed to pick and choose, and are not voted *outré* if they *do* happen to have missed a Kubelik, or a Paderewski, or a Godowsky orgie. Though, this year, we have been honoured by a sufficiency of long-haired talent, there has not been a surfeit. Mr. Kubelik was acclaimed by a crowded house on his return, but—has the glory departed? His playing of the "Kreutzer" was almost paternal in its passionless benevolence, though all the old tricks and trills were there for the Paganini flare-up at the finish. Kubelik, again, is not quite his old figure—his frock-coat has more Kubelik to circumvent than of yore, and his gipsy tresses seem to droop down on ampler neck than used to be. Besides Kubelik, we have had Pugno to play to us—large, bearded, and genial Pugno, with the most delicate touch that was ever governed by an artistic conscience. Also, there has been Mr. Mischa Elman, the ex-prodigy, Miss Vivien Chartres, Mr. Herbert Fryer, and Mr. Backhaus, while Paderewski plays to us (at the Queen's Hall—house sold out) on the 18th.

* * *

A Youthful Prima Donna

For a *prima donna*, Donalda is positively infantile. She owns but to twenty-three years, though it must be confessed that, like most great singers, her fine physique makes her look rather more. I never, by the way, see Lord Strathcona at Covent Garden, not even when Donalda is singing. Yet surely he comes, for he is a patron of music, and Donalda is one of his many *protégés*. As Pauline Lighthouse, she sang to him when she was seventeen.

* * *

Our Portraits

My musical portraits (other than that of the great Donalda) are of Mrs. George Swinton, whose song recital at the Æolian Hall on Thursday attracted a fashionable audience, and Miss Winifred Davis, known to concert-goers as the possessor of a very rich flexible mezzo, which she employs with exceeding taste. Her Bechstein concerts have been successes, one and all, and this week she is delighting the Birmingham promenade audiences. Miss Davis is a pupil of Framezzani.

Mrs. George Swinton

Whose song recital at the Æolian Hall attracted a fashionable audience last Thursday

(*From a painting by J. S. Sargent, R.A.*)

Photo *Couper*

Miss Winifred Davis

A new singer, who is the possessor of a rich, flexible mezzo. She is this week appearing at Birmingham

Racing: Epsom and Ascot. By "CARBINE"

Orby's Derby

First let me express a hope that those BYSTANDER readers who like to have an interest in the greatest race of the season did not fail to support Orby "win and place," as recommended in these pages last week. I do not propose to quote all that I have written in favour of Mr. Croker's colt for months past, but to those who scan these weekly notions his success cannot have come as a surprise. I was doubtful as to whether he would beat Slieve Gallion, but the race was run exactly to suit Orby, and the favourite was dead-tired long before he reached the winning-post. Obviously, Slieve Gallion is lacking in stamina, and I cannot understand why Higgs made practically all the running on him. The colt should have been carefully nursed, so that his brilliant speed might have told at the finish. However, I do not seek to detract from the brilliancy of Orby's success. He is a beautiful, honest-tempered colt, and was unquestionably the best stayer in the Derby field. Some say that Woolwinder will beat him at Doncaster, but Orby will be good enough for me in the Leger.

The Triumph of Boss Croker

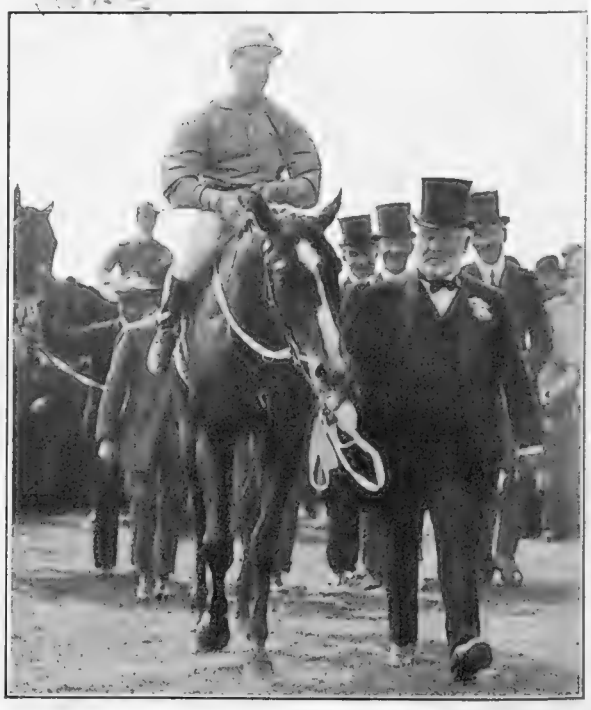
Boss Croker's triumph was complete. There was a time when he vowed he would never race in England again, but he thought the Derby was worth coming for. He bred the winner himself, and had him trained in what he calls his "garden" at his Dublin home. Whatever may have been the merits of his disagreement with the Jockey Club, Boss Croker is one of those men who appeal forcibly to the popular imagination. Tammany methods may be unorthodox, but the public sees in Croker a man who has fought his way to the front, combining iron determination with rare intelligence and knowlege of his fellow-men, and coming out on top in spite of all difficulties. Thus the Epsom crowd gave him a big cheer when he led in the victorious Orby, and the success seemed fully to satisfy the multitude. But what an Epsom it was for the favourites! Slieve Gallion down, Polar Star down, Witch Elm down—three regular knock-out blows for those who follow public form. A week ago we fondly imagined our three-year-olds a very fair lot, and Polar Star was considered the best racehorse seen since Pretty Polly. How does he stand now? Alas, utterly discredited. At Tattenham Corner he looked like winning the Coronation Cup, but as soon as the pressure came he was completely done with. So much had he taken out of himself that he could hardly gallop past the post, and I could not help feeling sorry that his splendid reputation should have been so suddenly and relentlessly demolished.

An Amazing Oaks

The Oaks was the most astonishing race of all. Nobody expected Glass Doll to win, not even her owner or trainer, for she had done badly in her home gallops and was not thought worth backing. I see her starting-price is given as 25 to 1, but you could have got 50 to 1 about her without much difficulty on the Course. Thus unexpectedly Mr. Jack Joel won 4,500 sovs. in stake-money, but he didn't seem at all delighted, and declined to lead in the winner himself. Witch Elm never looked like repeating her One Thousand success. Glass Doll was unnoticed until about eighty yards from the finish, when Randall, who is riding remarkably well just now, brought her along with an electrical rush. Two furlongs from home the Irish filly, Lady Hasty, had seemed to have the race in hand, but she was not ridden very judiciously, and was collared by Mr. Singer's Laomedia. The latter's name was excitedly shouted, and then along came Glass Doll with a tremendous rattle, winning the race by half a length. You might have heard the gentlest whisper in the stands when this occurred. The silence of the crowd was absolutely chilling, and there was positively no sign of that public approval which had been manifest when Orby scored two days previously.

Ascot Prospects

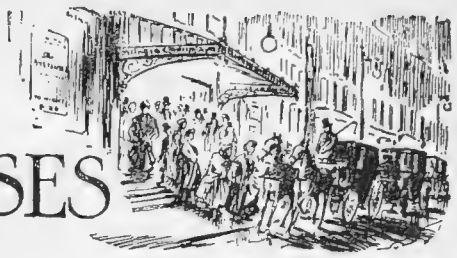
Prospects at Ascot are particularly bright. The Royal Hunt Cup should be a most interesting race. The best of the French candidates will probably be Sourdine, who was one of the fastest three-year-olds in her own country last season, and is by no means badly treated. Sam Darling has a strong hand, but if I backed one now it would be Kaffir Chief. I think the Ascot Stakes will be won by **Beppo**, and Father Blind ought to run well on his Epsom form. This week the Hurst Park Foal Plate may be taken by **Quelpart**, and the Duchess of York Plate by **Woolwinder**.



Mr. Croker Leading in Orby, the Derby Winner

The defeat of the favourite, Slieve Gallion, by Mr. Croker's Orby last Wednesday was a surprise to the public. "Carbine," it may be mentioned, favoured Orby as long back as April 24

The PLAYHOUSES



By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

LYCEUM THEATRE

In three days from this date, the present lessees of the Lyceum Theatre, Messrs. Henry R. Smith and Ernest Carpenter, of the Popular Playhouses, Ltd., will produce a new play, *The Midnight Wedding*, by Mr. Walter Howard, whose successful *Her Love Against the World* has been turning Wellington Street at theatre-opening time into a minor edition of a Trafalgar Square demonstration. If you ask me why the present lessees have succeeded where so many others have failed, I will let you into the secret. In the first place, they have engaged a very strong company; in the second, they are giving a play which, though of the melodramatic order, contains scenes and personages drawn more or less from real life; in the third place, they are charging popular prices. The ten-and-sixpenny stall is a fetish which has been the ruin of countless managers. For Shakespeare at His Majesty's, for modern comedy at the St. James's, at the Haymarket, or at the Garrick, for lavishly mounted musical comedy at the Gaiety, by all means charge ten and sixpence for the best seats, and the public will not grumble. But time and again I have known empty houses result from the idiotic policy of charging the public full price for a lesser-grade entertainment. This is no new argument. For years, at different times, I have advanced it. It is not often, however, that one is able to advance in support of it so striking an illustration as that afforded by the success which has descended upon the Lyceum Theatre these days.

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

Mr. Martin Harvey

In *The Only Way*, which is to be played at the Adelphi during his season, opened in Town last week

ADELPHI THEATRE

Mr. Martin Harvey has elected to open his brief season in London with *The Breed of the Treshams*, a costume play of some noise and no little incident which has found much favour with provincial audiences. Such a play is well housed at the Adelphi, still associated by the public with honest, stirring melodrama. One could wish that the authors had drawn a portrait of Lieutenant Reresby ("The Rat") with more subtle touches. He is so terrible a fellow that his exploits are at times a little difficult to swallow. And one cannot but feel that Mr. Martin Harvey is an actor worthy of a higher-grade rôle. "Howsomever," as Mrs. Gamp would say, until that rôle is forthcoming, one must be content with less.

It is the fault, not of the actor, but of that shy, retiring dramatist who will not come forward with his masterpiece. For there is little doubt that if an unknown man walked into the Adelphi Theatre with an actable play under his arm, the hero of which was conceived in a less high-falutin' spirit, Mr. Harvey would be pleased to welcome him. It is not too much to say that there are some actor-managers positively crying out for plays. Why has there been of late such a crop of revivals? For the simple reason that actor-managers have nothing new to present to their patrons. All this is not apropos of Mr. Harvey, who is giving us a new play next week, entitled *Great Possessions*, but of others who bewail, not in public, but in the circle of their friends and acquaintances, the dearth of plays in these degenerate days.

THE STAGE AS IT IS NOT

In the June number of the *Grand Magazine* a writer (signing herself "An Actress"), whose style is suspiciously masculine, presents the seamy side of the theatrical profession. Now, everyone knows that there are some young ladies upon the stage whose progress is hardly justified by their talents; that there are others who cut a surprising figure upon the meagre salary they receive for posing in the front row of the chorus. One knows these things just as one knows that there are village maidens who are not so simple as they look. If the article in the *Grand Magazine* had been titled "Impressions of One Side of the Profession," it would have been true, but not sensational. Titled, as it is, "Why I Failed on the Stage" (her virtue was the cause, you understand), it is sensational, but not true. A writer might as well deal with a few cases of village maidens who are no better than they should be, and expect us to accept his article under the title, "Why Purity is a Dead Letter in Rural England."

Fortunately for the stage, catch-fourpenny articles, such as that in the *Grand Magazine*, do it no harm. Gross exaggeration has generally the opposite effect to that intended by the employer. After reading "Why I Failed on the Stage" the sensible man will take joy in the thought that the English stage should be such an excellent field for the ambitious, talented girl of unimpeachable morals. To bolster up his preposterous case the writer in the *Grand Magazine* resorts to the stale old dodge of misrepresentation by the artful quotation of extracts. In one passage he says:

> Clement Scott, some years ago, declared that "no woman could succeed on the stage without sacrificing her honour.'

Clement Scott made no such statement. Anyone who takes the trouble to turn up the files of *Great Thoughts* will find that this falsely worded extract is totally at variance with the general tenour of that celebrated article in which this passage occurs:—

> There are thousands of good women upon the stage.

Into the manifold causes which provoked the outburst of indignation against my father I do not propose to enter. Since his day, stronger statements regarding the temptations of the stage have been received by the public with the utmost calmness. I will only say this—that if Clement Scott had drawn as false and foolish a picture of the stage as the writer in the *Grand Magazine*, he might have deserved the abuse which was heaped upon him.

GARRICK THEATRE

"The Walls of Jericho"

This is an interesting revival. It brings home to one the cardinal factor in Mr. Sutro's success as a play-writer. He has that faculty without which a man will never write successful plays, though he study the best models and lives to three-score and ten years—the faculty of hoodwinking the public into accepting and even relishing preposterous situations during a period of three hours. Young critics may rage against Mr. Sutro in the monthly magazines; they may denounce him as a sham moralist; they may expose his artifice; yet there remains to Mr. Sutro, despite the railings of the critical, the blessed knack of conceiving situations which are theatrically effective, and dealing with them in language which brings them straight over the footlights to the understanding (misunderstanding, if you like to put it in that manner), and to the hearts of his audience. Honest Jack Frobisher's fearful tirade against his Society wife loses none of its effectiveness for being heard a second time. It ranks high among stage curses, and is all the more real that we are made to feel that Frobisher has been bottling up his natural aversion to the ways of his wife for a long time.

Miss Violet Vanbrugh repeats her clever performance of Lady Alethea. If anything, she handles the character with an even surer touch. Especially good is this Lady Alethea in her manner of using her charm as a means of irritating her husband. She knows him to be in a very serious and aggravated humour, so employs little laughs, light caresses, half endearing, half contemptuous tones to bait this bear with a sore head.

Mr. Eric Lewis is seen for the first time as the contemptible old Marquis of Sleventon, whose hatred of the middle classes is about balanced by his love of their money. To say that Mr. Lewis failed in the rôle would not be correct, for the actor was successful in making the audience laugh at the follies of the old peer. For the rest, Mr. Lewis caricatured, rather than played, the part. In farcical comedy his Marquis of Sleventon would have been an excellent and amusing bit of characterisation. In Society drama it was quite out of place. Perhaps this sense of unsuitableness was aggravated by the actor's make-up. He evidently intended to give us the impression of a very smart, fixed-up old gentleman who dyed his hair. In this attempt Mr. Lewis was not happy. His wig was too much in evidence. One followed it round the stage with amazed eyes.

E. C. S

Photo *Hana*

"The Follies" as galleryites in the burlesque of a music-hall entertainment at the New Royalty Theatre

"The Follies" have returned to the Royalty Theatre with the programme which so amused playgoers quite recently. In the above scene they provide their own gallery on the stage, and the remarks made by those impromptu "gods" about their colleagues are not always flattering

"The Girls of Gottenburg" at the Gaiety

Miss Gertie Millar and Mr. Edmund Payne

In a song and dance which brings down the house

Mr. Edmund Payne and Mr. George Grossmith

Mr. Payne poses as a special envoy from the Emperor, and exacts respect in accordance with his rank

Photos *Foulsham and Banfield*

Miss Violet Halls **Mr. Robert Nainby** **Mr. Payne** **Miss Gertie Millar**

An Al Fresco Meal with Interruptions

Mr. Payne, who has run away with the Burgomaster's daughter, a lady of opulent charms, discovers that he is known by the occupants of the next table. He carries off the situation by a display of audacity

CONTINENTAL CHAT

Elegant Majesty and Dowdy Excellency

It is a long time since Paris has had an opportunity of welcoming a Northern King, and it is quite delighted with their Norwegian Majesties. The presence of Queen Maud has added great interest to the visit, although, it must be confessed, the enthusiastic shouts were nearly all for "the handsome King, with the good, kind face." Queen Maud has made no secret of the fact that she would have preferred to visit Paris *incognito*, taking photographs of the places that interested her most. The presence of Mme. Fallières showed Queen Maud in a very favourable light. Rarely have I seen the President's wife so badly dressed as at the Hôtel de Ville reception. It seemed as if she had selected her most ordinary home-made clothes for the express purpose of accentuating the simple elegance of Norway's Queen. In the days of Grévy, the President's wife never appeared officially. It is a pity this rule is not still in force. Mme. Fallières, judging from her preoccupied appearance at all these public functions, would be the last to complain.

Photos — The King of Denmark

Sonne — The Queen of Denmark

Now on a visit to London and Paris, which latter city their Majesties will visit for the first time

* * *

The King of Denmark Refuses to be "On Show"

Scarcely before Paris has had time to recover from the festivities in honour of King Haakon, preparations are being made for the reception of his father. The official programme of the fêtes is not yet published, but it is doubtful whether the Danish Monarch will be welcomed with the usual round of gaieties offered to crowned heads: reception at the Hotel de Ville, luncheon with M. Fallières, gala at the Opera, and a drive to Versailles—for even more than his son—if possible—the Danish King detests pomp and ceremony. The Queen, however, is particularly anxious to see Versailles.

The demonstrations in honour of King Frederick are to be chiefly naval reviews, for the Danish Monarch strongly objects to be taken round the city of Paris "on show." M Trefu the Marine Minister's able deputy, started North last week to superintend the rehearsals.

* * *

Her Majesty's Dislike of Travel

I am not sure whether this is the first visit that King Frederick has paid to Paris—he may have come here in the days of his youth—but certainly the Queen has never seen the gay capital, and has expressed no desire to see it. As a matter of fact, she dislikes travelling altogether, and had some other method of returning France's courtesy to her husband been possible, she would gladly have welcomed it. The thought of journeys such as her sister-in-law, Queen Alexandra, has undertaken only made her feel happy that she was not obliged to do likewise. Several times she has been invited to Greece; again and again to Sandringham; always she has refused, preferring to meet her brother-in-law and Queen Alexandra at the Danish Court.

From her Swedish home, the Queen has brought two great characteristics: piety, which shows itself in giving up the best part of her time to works of charity, and a taste for Swedish drill. This taste was promptly instilled in her children and grandchildren, who were given permission to convert the chairs of the palace into vaulting-horses. When once they went to stay with the Prince of Wied, great was their astonishment to find their athletic exhibitions were not appreciated by their hosts as they expected them to be. The Queen attends to the smallest details of her household in the manner of the simplest *bourgeoise*, arranging the menus for the dinner and even superintending the cooking. Many people admire this accomplishment in a Queen, but the large majority, I think, will maintain that a Queen should be a Queen, unless necessity forces her to become a *chef*. Quite recently, however, thanks to Queen Alexandra, she has a new accomplishment—taking the keenest interest in Bridge.

Her Crowned Son, Haakon

To her son, the King of Norway, the Queen has always been particularly attached. She felt bitterly sorry for him, thinking the younger son of a King deserved a more glorious career than that of a sailor. When he married, she hoped he would return to Denmark, but again she was disappointed, for most of his time was spent in England. Now, however, although he is not living in Denmark, the mother has found consolation in the fact that her son is a King, even of a country like Norway. Morally, King Haakon resembles his mother; physically, there is a great contrast, for not even the most gallant of men could describe the Danish Queen as beautiful. What impressions, I wonder, will the *ville lumière* have for the "Northern Queen"?

* * *

The Plague of Grand Dukes

Judging from the extra police vigilance that has been required lately when Russian Grand Dukes have taken their walks in Paris, M. Fallières, President of the French Republic, like Henry II. of England, may feel inclined to exclaim: "Who will rid me of these tiresome knaves?" There are so many Russian Nihilists in Paris to-day that the presence of these Royal personages at any public function makes the audience nervous, to say the least of it. The Châtelet Theatre, during the dress rehearsal of *Salome*, was suggested as being a place where the victims could easily be caught; indeed, so certain was the director of the theatre that everything was in readiness for action, that he politely and firmly requested the Grand Dukes to leave the house. "We cannot sacrifice all these people for two," he

The s.s. "Heliopolis" on the stocks

She is the first boat of the new passenger service shortly to be inaugurated between Marseilles and Alexandria

Photos] **The Launch of the "Heliopolis" at Govan** [*Maclure, Macdonald*

The new passenger service between Marseilles and Alexandria will be a great boon to Egyptian visitors from this country who have hitherto had to play second fiddle in outward and homeward-bound liners to those taking longer journeys. These new boats are all fitted in the latest and most luxurious style, and perform the sea passage in three days

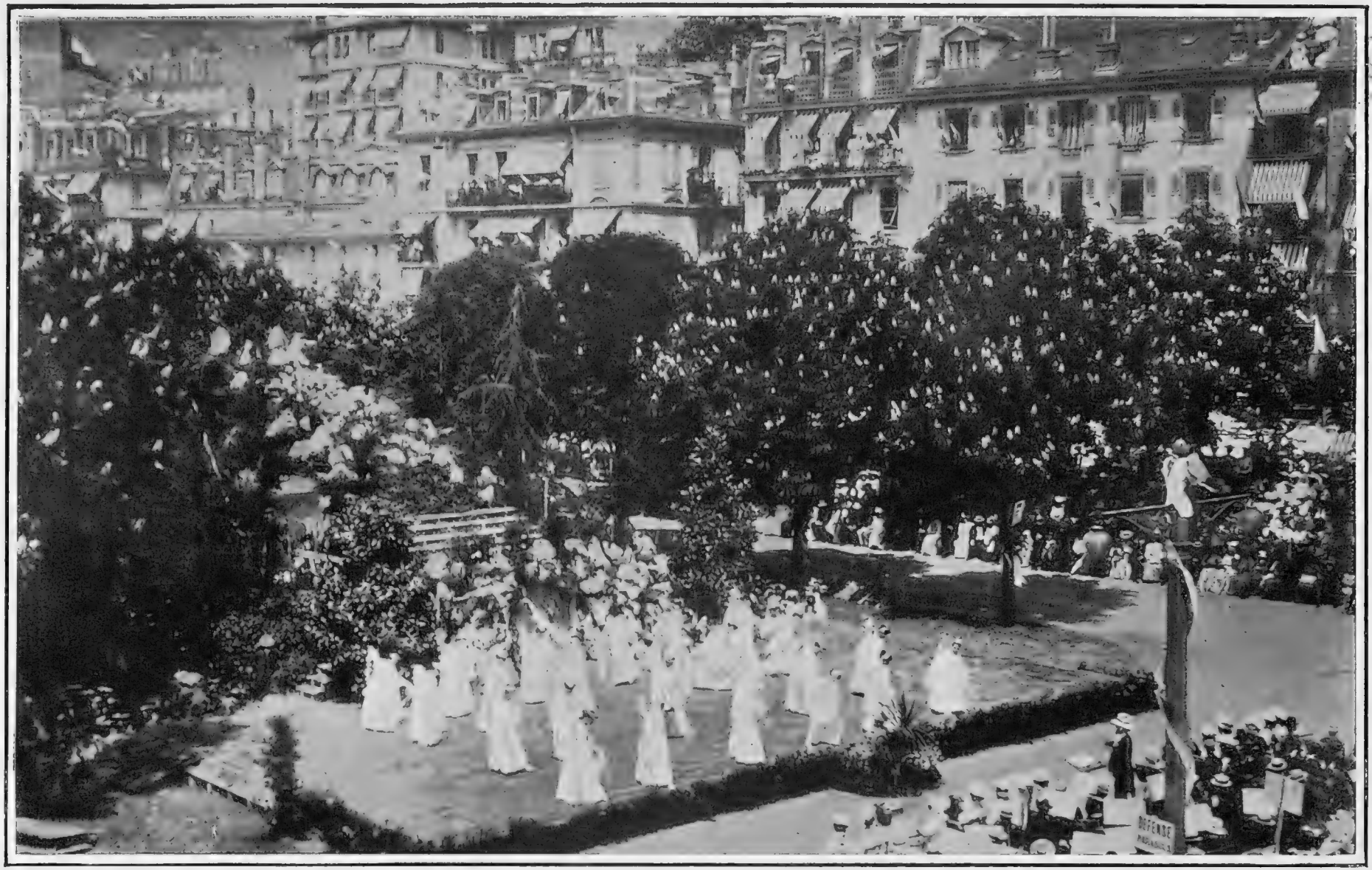


Photo [*Guy Rawlence*

THE FÊTE DES NARCISSES AT MONTREUX

Montreux has just celebrated its eighth Fête des Narcisses, which took place during the last days of May. The slopes of the surrounding mountains are, at this season, covered with masses of wild narcissus, and the fête is rapidly becoming famous for its beauty and originality. The chief item of the proceedings is a charming spectacle and ballet, for which, [illegible] written

added, as the Grand Dukes walked away. At a concert given a short time ago by Jean de Reszke, again, everyone was prepared for an attack; policemen in uniform and plain clothes were in readiness, but, fortunately, nothing happened.

During the concerts of Russian music given last week at the Opera, demonstrations were expected, especially during the fifth and last evening. Yet, in spite of warning, the house was well filled. It was one of the events of the social season I should least have chosen to miss; music such as everyone should hear once in a lifetime—melodious, yet at the same time wild and fascinating, like the Russian character itself. That the presence of the Russian Grand Dukes is a source of danger to Paris, Paris knows only too well. As politely as possible, they have been requested to seek hospitality elsewhere, but, so far, they have paid little heed to the invitation. And how is Paris to act? Unless they do something outrageous, which is hardly possible, they cannot be conducted to the frontier; and, after all, it is only natural that they should seek protection in the land of their oldest ally.

* * *

A Russian Royal Scandal

But, speaking of Russian Society in Paris, a terrible scandal has this week come to light. Prince Serge Ouroussoff, cousin of the Tsar, has been condemned to two years' imprisonment and forbidden to return to France for at least ten years. At present, the Prince cannot be found, and I sincerely hope he has not put into execution his threat: "The day I have to consider ways and means I shall blow my brains out." The Prince is about thirty years of age, and husband of the Turkish Princess whose portrait we published a fortnight ago. During the last two years he has squandered a fortune of over 15,000,000 fr., and owes money—heavy sums, for which only a Prince could obtain credit—all over Paris. In his list of creditors figures the name of a well-known furrier, to whom 25,000 fr. (£1,000) for three months is owing. The Prince lived for some time in a very handsome house in the Avenue Hoche, and here the Empress Eugénie must have lived, seeing her name is engraved on the walls. The house is Turkish in architecture and design, and, except for Turkish chairs and tables, little furniture is required. Exactly why the ex-Empress should have lived in such Oriental surroundings I cannot tell; perhaps she, too, objected to having furniture.

* * *

The Bagdad Railway and the "Heliopolis"

Travel to the near East is no longer a matter of returning to the very Simple Life in the way of primitive modes of locomotion. All the most comfortable and up-to-date means are now, or will shortly be, available. The Germans have almost completed their railway to Bagdad, a fact which must be borne in mind by this country, as it opens up a new and favourable trade route, unfortunately not under British control. The other new route is the line of British steamers which will shortly start running from Marseilles to Alexandria, solely for the passenger traffic of Egypt. The two photographs on another page show the launch of the first of these boats, the *Heliopolis*, at Govan the other day. Marseilles is conveniently reached from London, and from thence the sea passage is only three days. These magnificent boats are fitted in the most up-to-date and luxurious style, and will tempt many who before have not considered the feasibility of a holiday in the near East to make the experiment.

Germany's Eastern Aims: The terminus of the much-talked-of Bagdad Railway

The Konia Station, the terminus at the Turkish end of the Bagdad Railway, which is now in course of construction. The completion of the line will, doubtless, have a tremendous effect on the trade in the East, opening up a new and valuable route, under, unfortunately, a control scarcely likely to favour British interests

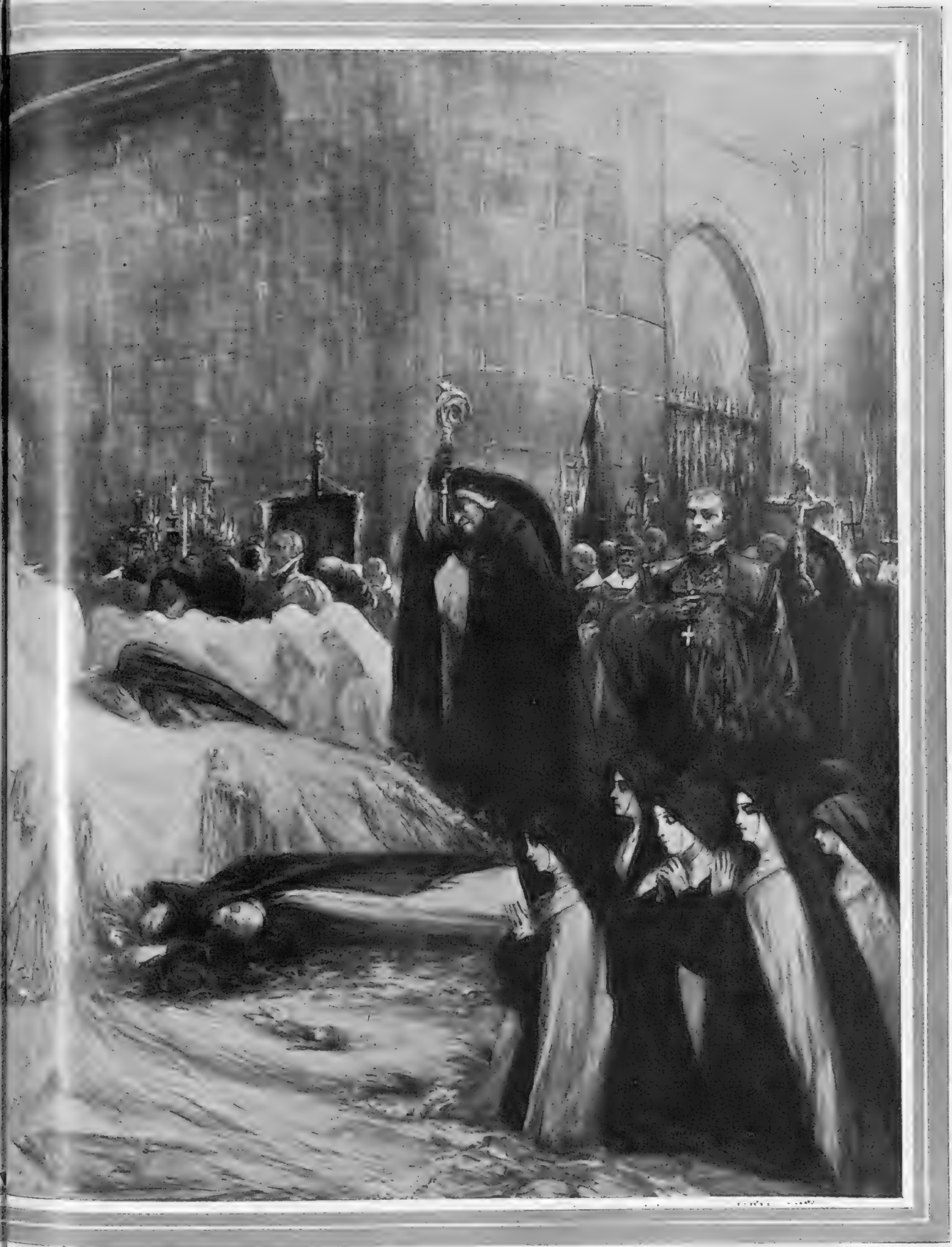
The Dramatization of Death: A Mag

Photo

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt as St. Theresa in the death scene of "La Vièrge d'Avilla,"

St. Theresa is the central figure in a most successful play, produced in Paris last autumn, entitled *La Vièrge d'Avilla*, in which the title-rôle was taken by Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. The saint was born of noble parents, in 1515, at Avilla, a small town in Old Castile, and, after living a short life of gaiety, she retired to a Carmelite convent in her native town. It was not, however, until she had experienced more than twenty years of conve an extraordinary height of asceticism, so th wide. She established a new convent u additional and stricter observances. Afte M. Georges Clairin's picture of the fina

ficent Tableau in "La Vièrge d Avilla"

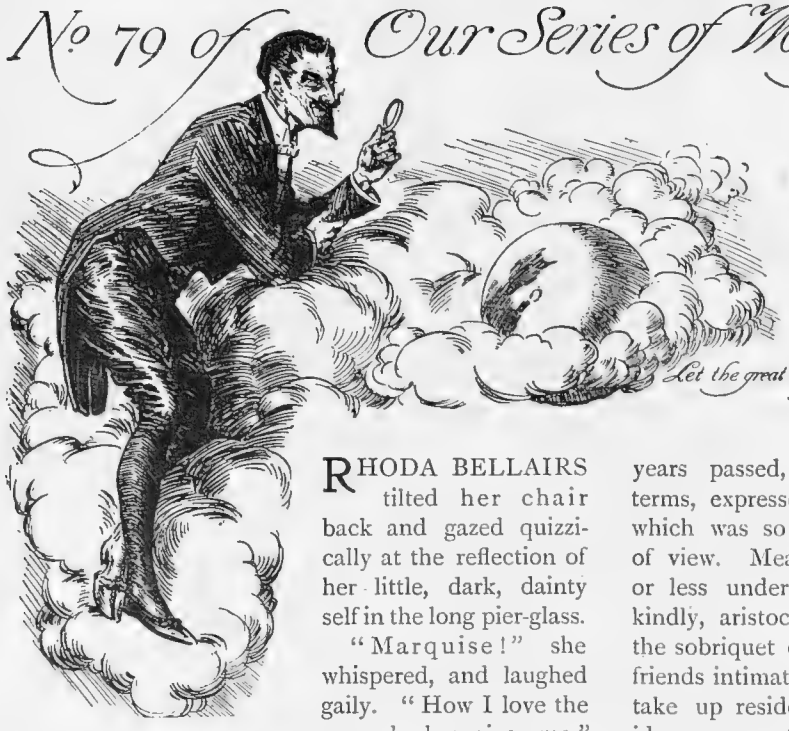


Campbell-Gray

painted by M. Georges Clairin, and now being exhibited at the Grafton Galleries

ventual life that her religious exercises reached that the fame of her sanctity spread far and under the original Carmelite rule,[1] with even fter her death, in 1582, she was canonised. na scene in the play is probably the most dramatic representation of a death scene ever painted, and is certainly one of the most striking pictures in the exhibition of the work of French artists which has been organised by M. Eugène Cremetti, and is now being held at the Grafton Galleries. The picture is the property of, and has been specially lent by, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt.

No. 79 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories



Who Shall Judge?

By NOEL JOCELYN

Let the great book of the world be your principal study.—Chesterfield

RHODA BELLAIRS tilted her chair back and gazed quizzically at the reflection of her little, dark, dainty self in the long pier-glass.

"Marquise!" she whispered, and laughed gaily. "How I love the name he has given me," she said to herself. "It was quite dear of him. Nicknames are so absurd, as a rule. Marquise! Yes, I know I look it. If there is any doubt about it, I have only to produce the miniature of a dear little French great-grandmother."

Rhoda brought her clasped hands behind her neck and restlessly fanned the air with the tip of a satin shoe. Her thoughts whirled on. "And to-night, if I choose to let him, he will say that I am the most provoking, irresistible, dearest dear of a Marquise, and will I marry him?"

A look of pain clouded her face for a moment. "No ugly thoughts to-night," she murmured; and, starting up from the chair, went over to her dressing-table and, opening her jewel-case, took out an emerald marquise ring and slipped it on her finger. Presently, Hortense, her French maid, entered with a white gown upon her arm. When she was dressed, Mrs. Bellairs caught up a white fan, rested it for a moment against her violet-black hair, made a *moue* at herself in the glass and went downstairs.

Mrs. Bellairs was giving one of her much-prized "small dances." Though quite the youngest, she was by no means the least influential among the leaders of the social world. The marriage of the big guardsman with the *petite* beauty, Rhoda le Fanu, some four years back, was remembered when more important unions were forgotten, owing to the ridiculous disparity in the heights of the contracting parties. Besides, Bellairs, with his huge rent-roll and his evil reputation, had filled the minds of match-making mothers with mingled thoughts of admiration and distrust.

The soldier turned out, as he had promised, a quite impossible husband, and upon his death in a motor-car accident during manœuvres, people inwardly thought of the widow of twenty-two as an exceedingly lucky young lady. They said that, after a decent interval, Mrs. Bellairs would, of course, marry her old and very constant admirer, Jerome Heseltine. Two years passed, and the world, in rather pointed terms, expressed its wonder at the delay in a union which was so eminently suitable from every point of view. Meanwhile, Rhoda sheltered herself more or less under the wing of Aunt Margot, a shrewd, kindly, aristocratic old lady, whose beauty won her the sobriquet of the "Picture Aunt." Some of her friends intimated to Rhoda that Aunt Margot should take up residence with her. Rhoda, with her own ideas upon the value of independence, thought differently. The two women did the round of the country houses, and travelled abroad together. During the season they maintained separate establishments, though the devoted aunt was always at the call of her niece.

Of course, for the small dance Aunt Margot was in attendance. On this occasion, Rhoda, in her privileged and unblushing fashion, laid the burden of entertaining almost entirely upon her aunt's shoulders. She was enjoying one of those golden hours which come but seldom in a lifetime. The *joie de vivre* shone in her hazel eyes, so bewitchingly set off by deep-toned eyebrows and long-curved eyelashes. She was in no mood to withstand a wild impulse which swept over her while she was sitting out with Jerome Heseltine.

"I say, Jerome," she said, leaning towards her partner, "I want a serious talk with you."

Heseltine, struck by her tone, glanced at her swiftly. He knew her very well, and his voice was quite even as he replied, "My lady fair, I am yours to command at any time. When shall it be and where? Not here, of course?"

"Not here, but to-night."

"To-night?"

"Yes. In about half an hour's time Aunt Margot will be going. Directly she has gone, go to my boudoir. I shall have sent Hortense to bed. Lock the door of the boudoir and wait for me."

"All right," he said.

Then she rose, and he gave her his arm. No further reference to the appointment was made by either of them.

. . . . . .

Heseltine opened the door to a delicate tatoo. Mrs. Bellairs entered and sank into an armchair.

"Thank Heaven that's over," she said, and took a cigarette from the case he proffered her. He took her hand. She clasped his for a moment, then lightly waved him away.

(Continued on page 566)

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The Esmonds—not Thackeray's

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

Mr. H. V. Esmond and his Wife (Miss Eva Moore) and their little Son

Mr. H. V. Esmond, the well-known actor and dramatist, married Miss Eva Moore in 1891, and the latter has since acted in several of her husband's pieces. She is now playing the chief part in *John Glayde's Honour* at the St. James's

(Continued from page 564)

"Distance, please," she said, "we can argue better apart." He laughed slightly.

"You are a witch, and were made for the eternal torment of men."

"And you," she said, suddenly relapsing into seriousness, "are too good to be made a victim."

"Too good! After what has happened?"

"What has happened has taught me to know you better."

"Look here, Rhoda. I'm still desperately in love with you. Why won't you marry me? Why won't you?"

"My dear Jerome! We are very fond of each other, we respect each other, but there is that between us which is an eternal menace to our respect for each other." She turned to him quickly. "Confess now. Haven't you been really happier since—since we parted?"

"No. A thousand times, no. Any other woman but you would have married me after he died."

"Jerome, I had begun to chafe under the meanness and wrong-doing of it all long before he died. I can't help it. It's my nature to purchase a little joy at the cost of much pain. I have always been the same since I was a little girl. I acted on impulse when I asked you to come up here."

"Don't misunderstand me," she went on quickly, before he could speak, "it is not you I fear, but those who might see you. But I felt I wanted a good talk with my greatest friend in the world. It is something to be such friends after what we have been, isn't it?"

"Yes," he said.

She went over and laid her hand on his shoulder. "Now for what I have to tell you."

"I know what it is. You are going to marry Halifax."

"Yes. That's it."

He broke the silence that followed.

"I saw this from the very beginning. I will do what is usually done in these cases—offer my best wishes for your future happiness." He could not keep a slight harshness out of his voice.

"Be nice," she urged.

"I am being as nice as I can. Please don't forget that I am the rejected suitor. In the old days fury and revenge were the weapon of such as I. We moderns are mild-mannered by comparison, but women should not grudge us the display of a slight feeling of bitterness."

A half sigh escaped her.

"Very well, Jerome."

"I will treat the subject as lightly as I know how. But just consider for a moment the subtlety of the feminine mind when engaged upon a simple question of morality. You will not marry me because of what we have been to each other. Our secret raises a barrier between us. Yet you have no scruple about marrying a man who thinks you—who knows nothing."

The look of a frightened child swept across her face. He was not looking at her as he continued. "Has it ever occurred to you what would happen if he knew about us?"

"Yes. It would kill his love stone dead. But he must never know. He believes in me." She laughed, with a catch in her voice. "Ye gods! How he believes in me. His faith in me is his life. At first I was almost frightened at this. Then I grew to love it for the beautiful thing it is."

"Yes, your Indian Bridge Builder is rather the primeval sort of man. Strong instincts and passions, and not much sense of humour."

"Sense of humour!" Her eyes blazed. She sprang up and paced the room. "I'm sick to death of the phrase. It's a mere excuse for weakness and cowardice. If a man is kicked and reviled, he takes it lying down, because he has a sense of humour. If he is robbed and cheated by a stronger man, he goes smirking round asking to be praised for the way he takes it. Sense of humour, indeed!"

"Bravo! What a dear delightful spitfire you are, and how pretty you look when you are angry."

A laugh escaped her before she could stifle it. In a twinkling the stormy look in her eyes vanished. She put out her hand. He took and kissed it lightly.

"O, Jerome," she said, "now we are friends again, and you won't scold me any more, and you will wish me all sorts of happiness, and we will be friends for ever and ever!" She paused for breath. He rose, still holding her hand, and looked down at her fondly.

"Dear little child-woman, I wish you every kind of happiness—happiness without a cloud upon it, happiness without after-regrets. Better than any man in the world I know you, and I say there is no man in the world for whom you are not too good." Again he raised her hand to his lips. Then they left the room.

. . . . .

Clement Halifax, among the last guests to leave started to walk home from Mrs. Bellairs's dance. It was a perfect June morning. Coming after the exotic atmosphere of the ball-room, the fresh morning air touched the cheek like the caress of cool lips. The sky was streaked with faint washes, the only pronounced hue being the after-glow of red in the East. The trickster Dawn was casting a mantle of beauty as well upon the stonework of the streets as upon the verdure in the Park.

Halifax plunged his hands in the pockets of his overcoat and strode forward, carrying the image of Rhoda Bellairs with him, he knew not whither. As he walked, the tumult of his thoughts carried him over the border-line of happiness to the land over which a nameless, indefinable sadness broods.

"Bah!" he muttered to himself; "I am growing morbid. Just one more look at her window, and then home." He looked at his watch. He had been walking for almost an hour. He paused to take in his whereabouts, and found he had been wandering more or less in a circle before skirting the Park. By making a wide detour, he could pass her house on the way back to his flat. His imagination played round the situation, and he smiled happily at the notion that any journey, however long, could be arduous which led him to her. A sense of joy in the divine folly of his notion pervaded him. True, he was a romantic idiot for allowing himself to be possessed with this desire to gaze at a window which might not even be hers. But the lover in him was in no way abashed by the epithet. He argued the matter whimsically with himself. "If any ordinary

(Continued on page 568)

The Swallow Dive

R. L. Ede, a well-known amateur diver, taking a 60 ft. swallow dive

Now one of the best-known members of the Amateur Diving Association, Mr. Ede was, a few years back, a familiar figure on the cycle track, and was known as the "Pocket Champion," being only 5 ft. in height. This dive, taken from the pier at Clacton, is probably one of the greatest swallow dives ever undertaken by an amateur

(*Continued from page 566*)

citizen," he said to himself, "suffering from sleeplessness, were to put his head out of the window to see if the day broke fine, and saw me gazing fatuously up at her house, he would think I was either drunk or loitering for the purpose of committing a felony. This affrighted citizen might even be tempted to give an alarm. In that case I must either move on, or, putting my fingers to my lips, call in a voice clear enough to reach him, yet not loud enough to wake the neighbours, 'Whist man, I am in love!' Whereupon the citizen would show by his behaviour what manner of man he was. The only man I could ever make a friend of would call back, in tones as thrilling yet as cautious as my own, 'So was I once,' and would softly lower the sash."

Halifax smiled at his own fancies, and walked briskly to his goal. Arrived at her street, he slackened his pace, and kept a good look-out for chance wayfarers or a policeman. It was five o'clock and broad daylight. The window-boxes, blazing with geraniums, and the morning sun playing on the stained glass of the hall doors, gave an almost festive air to the big drab houses. He came to her house and stopped on the pavement opposite.

"Such a big house and such a little girl," he mused.

For a few seconds he paused, and there flashed in his mind the vision of his Marquise, with a delicate flush on her cheeks, stirring with the soft breath of sleep the violet-black curls which tumbled over the cambric pillow. Halifax was turning away when the door of her house slowly opened. A man in evening dress with his coat-collar turned up came out. Someone within softly closed the door after him. As he came down the steps, Halifax saw it was Heseltine. For a moment the two men, motionless, stared at each other.

In that moment a fiend was born in the soul of Halifax. He started forward towards Heseltine, then checked himself, and walked rapidly in the other direction. A wave of excitement and temptation swept over Heseltine as he watched the retreating figure.

"Halifax!"

He had called out almost before he was conscious of victory over the evil notion which assailed him.

"Halifax!" he called.

Halifax turned and waited for him to come up. His face was very white.

"What does this mean?" he asked in a strangled voice.

"I've come to tell you," rejoined Heseltine quietly.

"Is she in the habit——"

Heseltine seized his arm roughly. "Stop!" he cried. "Not a word until you have heard me through."

In a moment Halifax had regained mastery over himself. "You're right," he said. "I was upset. Forgive me."

The two men walked on together. "You have just seen something," began Heseltine, "upon which an ordinary man would place a totally wrong construction. I have been idiot enough to compromise a lady, and in order to clear her name it is necessary to go rather into details. Mrs. Bellairs and I are very old friends. You have not been back from India long, so you may not know that I have known her since she was quite a little girl. I have always had the run of the house. It may have been imprudent of Rhoda to let me do so much as I liked, but then she has the personality to do things which would be impossible for other girls."

He broke off, and then continued in a deliberate manner. "To-night, or rather this morning, I begged Rhoda to let me stay behind, as I had something I very much wanted to tell her. She consented. So when all the guests had gone we went to her boudoir. It seems ridiculous to explain such a simple matter. I have been to Rhoda's boudoir hundreds of times. But your seeing me come out of her house at this hour puts things in a light which neither Rhoda nor myself had thought of for a moment. So I owe this plain statement of fact no less to her than to you."

"Thank you for the explanation," said Halifax. There was no mistaking his tone.

"Look here, Halifax. I can't let matters rest like this. You literally have got to believe me. At present, you think I am lying to save the honour of a lady, as you or anyone else would do. It is not so. Man alive, I swear to you that if you let unworthy suspicion get the upper hand you will bitterly regret it. You must be great."

Halifax said nothing.

"I am going to make my last appeal. If I fail, I know I shall have done my best to put matters right. After that, pardon me for putting it so, but you may go to the devil in your own way. You force me to disclose what I would have preferred to keep secret. I had an important reason for asking Rhoda to let me stay behind. I asked her to marry me. Her refusal, and the reason for it, made up the interview which I have just had with her. She refused because she loves another man—you."

An exclamation burst from Halifax. "Heseltine," he said, hurriedly, "I am a beast for having doubted her even for a moment. But when I saw you coming out of her house, hell seemed let loose in me. It was awful. My first instinct was to get right away. If you had not spoken I don't know what I should have done. I owe you a debt of gratitude which I never can pay."

He held out his hand. The two men shook hands and instinctively parted.

Halifax strode forward with the song of Marquise in his heart.

Heseltine stopped and abstractedly lit a cigarette.

"What have I done?" he muttered. "Pray Heaven the right thing, but who shall judge?" NOEL JOCELYN.

An Exhibition of Spanish Art

At a time when Spain is particularly in the public eye owing to the birth of an heir to the throne, art lovers and the public generally will be glad of an opportunity of seeing an exhibition of Spanish art which is now being held at Waring's Antique Galleries, 181, Oxford Street. In this exhibition, an effort has been made to bring together examples of the decorative and pictorial arts of Spain in illustration of the development of artistic achievement from the fifteenth century to the present day. The collection includes many pieces of gorgeous tapestry and embroidery, and also many interesting ecclesiastical vestments. Carved ivory, needlework, tapestry, woodwork, inlay and marquetry, lace, Cordovan leather, Hispano-Moresque lustreware, glass, etching on mother-of-pearl, jewellery, medals and orders, lacquering and gilding are all shown, while an important collection of modern Spanish pictures is hung on the walls of the galleries.

"Bystander" Readers in Many Lands

(10s. 6d. *is paid for every photograph published of readers in out-of-the-way parts.*)

On an Argentine Plantation

Miss F. K. Rimmer, "Esmeralda," Buenos Ayres, Argentina, says: "I think it can safely be said that this photo was taken in an out-of-the-way part, for the plantation on which the picture was taken is situated in the interior of the Argentine, twelve miles from the nearest township and railway. Note the luxuriousness of the vegetation"

In the Australian Bush

The sender, Mr. H. W. Horn, "Sorala," Morton Street, Sydney, says: "This photograph of myself and two friends was taken in the Australian Bush. We were staying at Gingkin, about 160 miles from Sydney. Our bag mostly consisted of rabbits, and was gained before breakfast one morning within ten minutes' walk of the homestead"

"The Bystander" in West Africa

A native boy at Axim, Gold Coast Colony, disporting himself behind a copy of one of our posters. Sent by Mr. A. F. Smith, 12, Goodmayes Avenue, Goodmayes

Golf Notes and Notions

The Amateur Championship: The Runner-up

Pressure of time and space prevented my dealing at sufficient length last week with any players other than the champion himself. But I feel that a special word of praise is due to Mr. Palmer, who made such a gallant fight against Mr. Ball in the first round of the final. Mr. Palmer, though a veteran in point of age, is a comparative chicken if one reckons the years since he first took to golf. Like a great fore-runner, Mr. C. Hutchings, he only began the game when well past thirty, and in the short space of thirteen years he has achieved his present position. I was much impressed by the display he gave when playing with Harry Vardon in the Open Championship at St. Andrews in 1905. He has not got a pretty style. He has a curious manner of addressing the ball, poking his club once or twice high up in the air. But there is nothing awkward about his method of hitting the ball, which he does very truly and very sweetly. On the day of the final, with greens sodden with continuous pouring rain, his putting was at a discount. But I am told that in his previous rounds his handling of his queer gaspipe-shaped putter was truly masterly.

His Great Mistake

In the morning round he practically held his own with Mr. Ball, for he ought to have finished that round all square, having had the sixteenth and seventeenth holes at his mercy. In the afternoon he made a grave mistake at the fifth hole. He had brought Mr. Ball back to his original two up by winning the fourth hole. Both players had driven good tee shots, and Mr. Palmer had to play the odd. He elected to go for the gloves, and endeavoured to carry the green in his second, where sound policy would have enjoined a safe iron shot to the foot of the bunker in the side of the hill. The result was that he banged the ball straight into the jaws of this bunker; while Mr. Ball, playing the like, played a safe, short shot, and won the hole. This was the turning point of the match, and Mr. Palmer was a practically beaten man from that moment. Still, he has covered himself with glory, and added lustre to the title of Midlands Champion, which he won just previous to this competition. He is a player who will always take a lot of beating, as he possesses the right temperament and nerves for a stout match player. His great shot with a heavy American cleek at the eighth hole in the second round, where, in the teeth of a raging north-east wind, he put the ball within two yards of the hole, will long live in my memory.

Mr. Guy Campbell and Mr. Graham

My near relationship to Mr. Guy Campbell would, under ordinary circumstances, preclude me from expatiating at any length upon his performance. But there was such a unanimous consensus of opinion about the extraordinary brilliance of his play, and such an agreement among good judges of the game as to the future lying before him, that I am constrained to do violence to my family modesty and to go at some length into the qualities of his game. First and foremost I must take his driving. It will give my readers some idea of his length when I say that in his match with Mr. Blackwell the latter had to play the odd after the tee shot nearly every time. He has a really beautiful style, and has the same trick of lifting himself to his tee shots as Mr. Graham. Possibly they both get their great length out of this wonderfully timed heave. Then, besides this enormous power off the tee, he has an extraordinary control of the ball. In his matches against Messrs. Barker, Lincoln, and Blackwell, I never saw a tee shot out of the true line, while his short game, whether in approaching, running-up, or putting, is as good as could possibly be wished. Mr. Hilton remarked to me that what pleased him most about Mr. Campbell's play was that he played every shot as it ought to be played, and generally brought off the shot. I am much mistaken if in him we have not got the future Tait, and the emulator of Messrs. Ball's and Hilton's great feat of the double championship. I imagine that the struggle of the future will be between him and Mr. Barker, and in this impending duel he has got his rapier home first in the preliminary exchanges. But Mr. Barker, if he remains in the ranks of Amateur Championship seekers, will prove a serious rival, and the critics were much impressed with the display he gave at St. Andrews. Mr. Harris is so well known in London golfing circles that no description of his play is required from me. Mr. Graham again had the bad luck to be put out at the winning-post of a match by a player (Mr. Blackwell) holing a long putt and getting a hole in one under par, where Mr. Graham had a sitting four. It was a replica of his defeat by Mr. Barry at Prestwick in 1905. But, in spite of this, he remains a leader of the amateurs. Surely his day must come at last?

A Little Story

Much more could I write of various players whom I watched. But space fails me. Let me note, with pleasure, that no untoward incident occurred at this tournament. All the arrangements worked smoothly and admirably, in spite of huge crowds, while the course reflected the greatest credit on the skilful care bestowed on it by Hamilton. All were delighted to see dear old Tom about, comparatively hale and hearty, and still interested in the game of his long life. Let me finish with a pretty little story.

Mr. Alec Tait and Captain MacAllan, who acted as fore-caddies in the final, secured the ball with which Mr. John Ball won the match, and are having it mounted on an ebony stand, with a suitable inscription on a silver shield describing the great event, as a gift from them to him. Might I suggest an added line to the inscription on their charming gift to the great player? "Age cannot wither him nor custom stale his infinite variety." For it may most truly be said that if ever a golfer deserved that quotation it is the winner of this year's Amateur Championship.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

GAMES AND PASTIMES

Cambridge Summer Eights, First Division: First Trinity, who were bumped by Trinity Hall, now head of the river

LAWN TENNIS

'Varsity Prospects

From personal experience I can vouch for the fact that Oxford are a decidedly strong side this year, and from hearsay I gather that Cambridge are rather below the average, although daily improving. Of the six who have been playing most regularly for Oxford, it is interesting to note that the three new men, Fleet, Winston, and Reynell (in addition to Paterson, the Old Blue) are Rhodes Scholars. In their match with a strong Gipsy team, which included Roper Barrett, Green, Bentley, and Ward Frost, they only won one of the six Singles, but did remarkably well in the Doubles, and were only beaten by the odd event, Barrett and Frost having to scratch their third match in order that the former might catch a train. Cambridge have had a similarly close match with Chiswick Park, losing only by the odd event, but the Chiswick team was by no means as strong as the Gipsy team which beat Oxford. On June 1 a rather weaker Gipsy team beat Cambridge by 8—6. An East of Scotland team has played both Oxford and Cambridge, losing to the former and beating the latter; while Yorkshire have also played both 'Varsities with identically the same team. After beating Cambridge fairly easily by 8—1 they lost on the following day to Oxford by 3—8. This shows that Oxford are appreciably stronger, and on May 28 they gave further proof of their excellence in Doubles by drawing with an All-England team consisting of H. L. Doherty and Hillyard, Eaves and Ball Greene, and A. E. M. Taylor and Timmis. They won three matches and scored one walk-over (Eaves having to leave before the third round) as against four won by the A.E.L.T.C., and the remaining one had to be left unfinished. The feat of the afternoon was performed by the Oxford third pair, Winston and Reynell, who beat Doherty and Hillyard 6—4, 6—3. Of course, this was not true form, but still, a pair must be pretty hot

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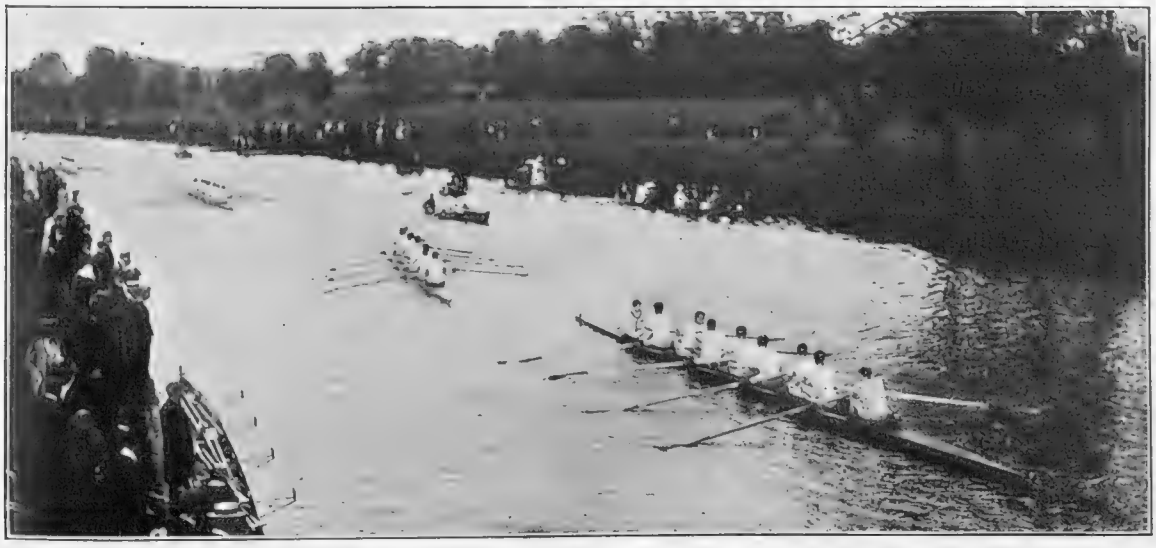

The "Mays" at Cambridge: Corpus leading Trinity Hall

In the May races at Cambridge, which finished on Saturday after four nights' racing, Trinity Hall left off head of the river. Third Trinity, who started head on Wednesday, were bumped that evening by First; on the next night the Hall also caught Third, and on Friday the Hall took down First, remaining head on Saturday. Third went down a place every night, succumbing to Jesus and to Lady Margaret I., as well as to the two already named, and the final order of the first six was Trinity Hall (1), First Trinity (2), Jesus (3), Lady Margaret (4), Third Trinity (5), Christ's (6)

to beat "H. L." and Hillyard, even when they are having an "off" time. I understand that, after the match, Fleet, Winston, and Reynell were given their half-Blues, and that they, with Paterson, A. H. Lowe, and Crowder, will form the team against Cambridge on Friday and Saturday, when I expect to see the Dark Blues win.

A Record—of a Kind

I can only recall one other instance of a lawn tennis tournament being as badly flooded out by rain as was the Leicester tournament last week. I am strictly accurate in saying "last week" because, although it was advertised to take place on the last three days of the week before, hardly anything (as I have already recounted) was done on those three days, and the committee accordingly decided upon an extension of the time — inwardly congratulating themselves on their forethought in having reserved to themselves the right so to do in their prospectus. However, as it turned out, they might almost as well have shut up the shop on Saturday evening. Sunday was fairly fine, with a nice drying wind from the North, but on Monday morning it chopped round into the South and the rain came on again, fitfully at first, but after midday almost continuously. The tarpaulin-covered court was alone playable, and some matches in the two Open Double events were decided on it; but by four o'clock it, too, had become thoroughly soaked, and after the final of the Gentlemen's Doubles—the one solitary event which was finished—was over, it was quite evident that the only thing to be done was to abandon the tournament for good and all. Even if the next day had been fine, the ground would hardly have been fit to play on. And so one of the best meetings of the season came—in the classic words of Mr. Mantalini—to a "demmed, demp, moist, unpleasant" end.

Fine Play Under Difficulties

And yet it is a positive fact that, despite the absolutely vile conditions, what little play there was reached an extremely high level of excellence. I have seldom seen better mixed matches than Brookes and Mrs. Hillyard *v.* R. F. Doherty and Miss Eastlake Smith. Some of the things that those four people managed to do with a ball weighing (figuratively speaking) about a ton and a half were quite wonderful. Doherty made some delightfully daring shots; Miss Eastlake Smith returned Brookes's service almost as a matter of course; Brookes himself dug up impossible balls out of the mud and converted them into even more impossible returns; while Mrs. Hillyard, though perhaps the least brilliant of the four, really won the victory for her side by the unfaltering steadiness with which she kept her end up and played into her partner's hand. Scarcely less exciting was the defeat of Hillyard and Miss Sutton by Eaves and Miss Lowther. In this match, Eaves, who is certainly in fine form this year, performed prodigies of valour.

Middlesex Lawn Tennis Championships

Miss M. E. Brown, who unexpectedly beat Miss A. N. G. Greene in the Singles at the Chiswick Park Tournament, and thereby qualified for the final, where she was beaten by Mrs. Lambert Chambers

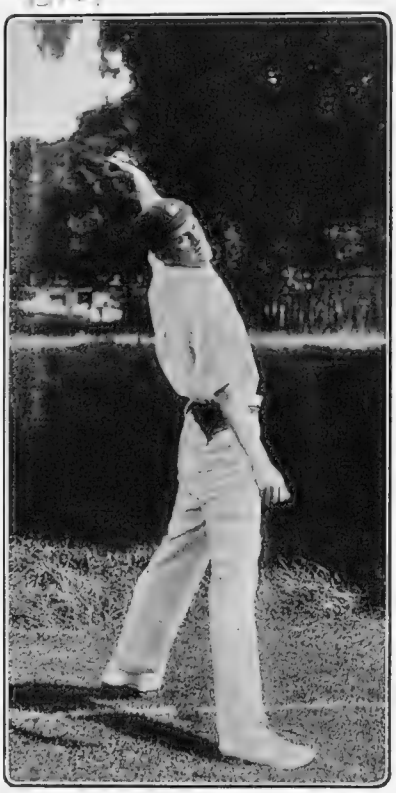

Photo *Fisk-Moore*

A Remarkable Feat

Blythe, the Kent slow bowler, achieved a remarkable performance against Northamptonshire, taking all ten wickets for thirty runs. In the second innings he dismissed seven batsmen for eighteen runs

Sound Finance

The weather incidentally proved the advantage of having a set o tarpaulins for the principal cour and a covered stand overlookin it. People knew that there woul probably be play, and that the could watch it in some comfort and so they rolled up, especially on the Saturday, reckless of the rain, in goodly numbers. Nor shall I be surprised to hear that their half-crowns have saved the tournament from the financial crisis which a spell of rain usually entails. In short, the Leicester Tournament illustrates the soundness of the somewhat paradoxical maxim that in order to save money you must spend it.

The "Driva" Racket

I noticed Mr. M. J. G. Ritchie, at the recent Surbiton Tournament, playing with a "Driva" racket. The "Driva" racket is a beautifully balanced implement, and if players realise how much depends on having a good racket, they would insist on possessing a "Driva." Last autumn, at Brighton, I was playing at a covered court with a friend. Both players were pretty nearly matched, and the only rackets we had there were a "Driva" and one other first-class make. Both players wanted to get the "Driva," as it was considered worth half fifteen, and the only way to solve the difficulty was to toss for it before every set. The price of the "Driva" is 27*s.* 6*d.*, and it can be obtained from Messrs. Benetfink, Cheapside.

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Automobile Topics.

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

The Utility of the Tourist Trophy Race

During the last few days a good deal of nonsense has been written about manufacturers objecting to the continuance of the Tourist Trophy Race, "the game not being worth the candle," in fact. To those who are successful there is little doubt about the value of holding the Trophy. This week, for example, the Rover Company's premises have been attended, I had almost said besieged, by crowds of inquirers wanting Rover cars, and other manufacturers who have done well, value their successes at some thousands. A well-known concessionaire, whose car did well in a certain race, remarked to me after the race, "I reckon that race is worth many thousands to me," and he is not a gentleman given to boasting. Naturally, a certain amount of disappointment is felt by people who have spent a good deal of time and money only to experience a stroke of bad luck at the last moment, and being but human, they are apt to grumble at the race.

* * *

Should Reliability Trials be Substituted?

I do not say that the conditions of the Tourist Trophy races are perfect. I see that Mr. Massac Buist, in the *Morning Post*, suggests that the Royal Automobile Club should organise a touring car or chassis race on cylinder capacity, and with a prescribed height for the driver's seat—a system that is proving very popular abroad, in that it puts all competitors practically on even terms with regard to their motors. Other people favour a race pure and simple, such as the Grand Prix or the Kaiserpreis. Many manufacturers deprecate races at all, and desire to see a British Reliability Trial on the lines of those held in Scotland and Ireland. But, speaking as a journalist, whose business it is to attract the attention of the public at large—and not merely a small motor clique—I say that, quite apart from the conditions imposed on competitors, the Tourist Trophy races give an enormous impetus to the motor industry. Reliability Trials are excellent and thorough tests in their way, but they are unable to capture the public imagination.

* * *

The Triumph of the British Car

Why not, then, you ask, hold a race free from all restraining conditions? Well, for my part, though the Tourist Trophy races cannot compare with the Grand Prix or the Kaiserpreis, they certainly do not cost manufacturers anything like the same expense, while they are a great deal more reliable as a guide to you or me as intending purchasers. For, after all is said and done, what does it mean if So-and-so wins the Grand Prix with a racing car built regardless of expense, and with an engine of 100 h.-p. or so, and capable of covering a speed of 100 miles an hour? I grant that it proves the design is excellent, as, indeed, it must be, considering the strong competition it has to beat. But the same remark applies to the Tourist Trophy, with the addition that the winning car has to be identically the same pattern as the manufacturers undertake to sell to the public. The British-made motor-car, so far from being inferior to Continental makes, has gradually won its way into the very front rank, in spite of certain drawbacks, such as our speed-limit and our lateness in starting with the industry. But with orders for British cars abroad steadily increasing, and foreign-made cars in England, on the contrary, steadily declining, a sufficient testimony is at hand, were it needed, to bear out my statement. A good deal of credit is due to the Tourist Trophy races, and I hope, even if the conditions are altered, the races will continue.

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A. J. W.

The 18 h.-p. Reo Car

Major Cotesworth, who is seen in our illustration on his 18 h.-p. Reo car, is an enthusiastic motorist, who formerly held the post of Commandant of the Mounted Infantry Schools in India and did good work in South Africa during the war. My readers will admire the Reo Company's new type of car fitted with a semi-tulip, side-entrance, English-built body. It looks very smart, and is not dissimilar to those fitted to the Siddeley car. The smooth engine-running of the 18 h.-p. four-cylinder model is very noticeable, as it may almost be compared to a steam car for silence. The car can attain a speed of forty miles per hour, while there are few hills it cannot climb on top gear. At the same time, as was demonstrated at the recent flexibility trials, the cars can be driven in the thickest of traffic on top gear. The price of the Reo car like Major Cotesworth's, complete with paraffin lamps, acetelyne head lamps, tools, and in fact all accessories, is £300. The Reo is the most wonderful car at anything like the price I have seen. COMYNS BEAUMONT.

Car-icature—No. XXX.: Mr. Charles Friswell

He has two paramount claims to recognition among automobilists, namely, as the pioneer of motor auction sales and as the successful defendant in the action taken by the British Motor Traction Company in regard to their patent rights in carburettors. He is a keen sportsman and a good shot

(BY ALICK P. F. RITCHIE)

Miscellanea

The latest attempt to secure a record over the course between Monte Carlo and London was made on May 26 and 27 on a four-cylinder Itala Car, and the distance was accomplished in 29 hrs. 26 min. This is a good performance, but fails by 6 min. to equal the time of the Mercédès Touring Car which, fitted with Dunlop tyres, put up such a splendid performance on May 1 and 2 last, when it covered the course in 29 hrs. 20 min., beating the previous best by no less than 4¼ hrs. The value of the Mercédès record is enhanced by the fact that Mr. A. G. Brown, who drove the car, did not engage a special boat for crossing the Channel; extremely bad weather, too, was encountered throughout.

The Rover Car that won the Tourist Trophy Race, and its sister car, were the same cars that were shut out of the race last year through being a few minutes late on the day prior to the race when all cars had to be in the enclosure for weighing, etc.

On the occasion of the Corpus Christi festivities recently held at Vitoria, Spain, an interesting competition, specially reserved for touring cars, was held on the road from Vitoria to Bilboa and back. The race was organised under the patronage of *Les Sports*, and was brilliantly won by Lomas on a 20-28 h.-p. Darracq. The driver covered the 145 kilomètres in 2 hours 8 minutes, which, considering the number of steep hills to be climbed, is excellent time. The second was Prado, also on a Darracq; time, 2 hours 11 minutes. Third, Louis Alonso, on a Fiat, 2 hours 14 minutes. Fourth, Dumay, on a Renault, in 2 hours 55 minutes. This meeting, the first to be held in that part of Spain, was favoured with brilliant weather.

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Major Cotesworth on his 18 h.-p. Reo Car

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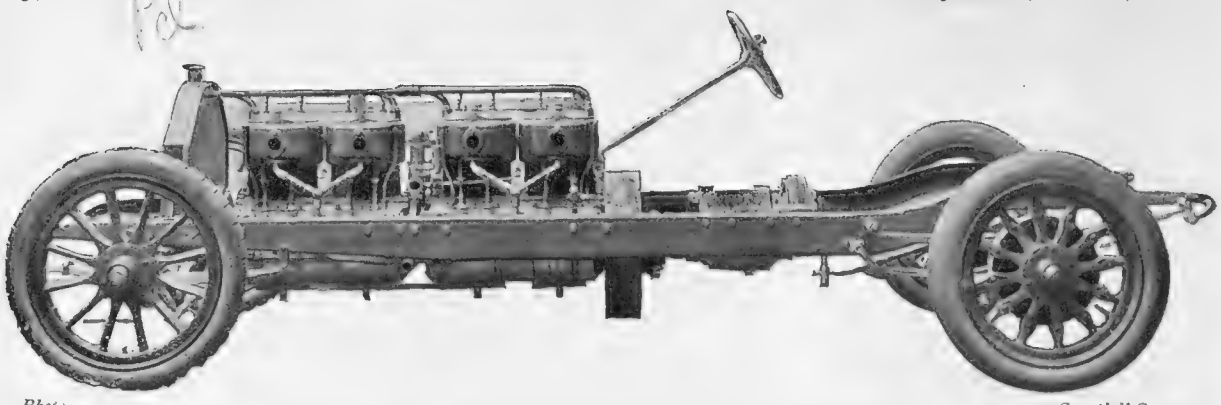

Photo *Campbell-Gray*

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The Weigel is one of the British cars entered in this race. The engines are nominally 80 h.-p. at 1,000 revolutions, the bore is 130 mm., and the stroke 140 mm. The number of cylinders is eight, but as two cylinders work together the two engines are really in tandem. The ignition is by low-tension magneto, and the car is driven through a cardan drive on a live axle

The absolute interchangeability of Gladiator parts was strikingly demonstrated in the Isle of Man, the gears of the heavy Gladiator car being damaged actually on the way to the club enclosure, so that they had to be removed, and some of the parts taken out of a Standard touring car. The work of refitting was actually done in the official tent, and so exact was the interchangeability that the car—as is now well known—took second place on speed, first on consumption, finishing the Heavy Touring Car Race with 232 oz. of petrol to spare.

* * *

Car-icature—No. XXX.: Mr. Charles Friswell

Mr. Charles Friswell has two paramount claims to recognition among automobilists. He was the pioneer of motor auction sales, whereat one can dispose of a discarded car, or pick up, perchance, a good bargain second-hand; and he was the defendant in the famous action taken by the British Motor Traction Company in regard to their patent rights in carburettors. Mr. Friswell, after many anxious moments, gained a verdict, and so saved the industry a sum variously computed at from five to ten millions sterling in royalties. At the celebrated Auction Mart in Albany Street, Regent's Park, some record motor sales have been held, perhaps the most notable being that when all the four-cylinder stock of a well-known make—now identified with the six-cylinder principle—went under the hammer for some £7,000. Mr. "Charlie" Friswell, like many motoring celebrities, is a keen sportsman, and a good shot. In business he is one of the shrewdest men in the trade, while his social instincts and genial personality have gained him hosts of friends. D. M.

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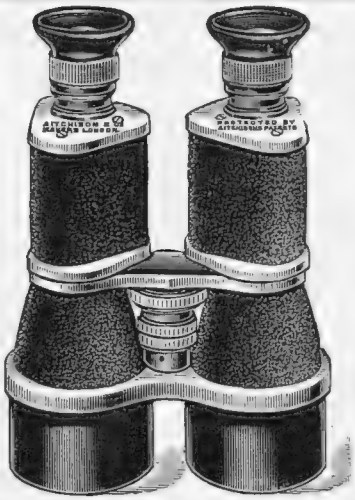

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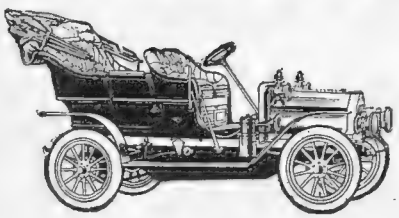

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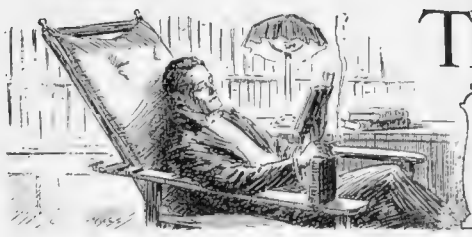

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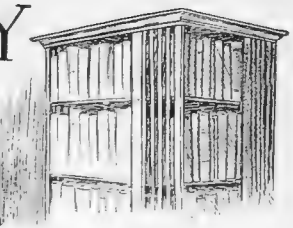

Books to Order This Week

"The Lonesome Trail." By John G. Neihardt. (John Lane: 6*s.*)

"Richard Elliott, Financier." By George Carling. (Sisleys: 6*s.*)

The Importance of Being Anonymous

Nowadays, to omit your name from the title-page of your novel is in no sense to run the risk of inattention. Rather does it attract favourable notice to your book if the reader be spared the irksome task of mastering your name, wondering if, where, and when he has previously heard it; whether you are man, woman, or suffragette; young or old, aristocrat or base-born churl, untaught, or a 'Varsity man. You are anonymous. You may be any or everything. No matter! What is your *book* like? If good, then with double vigour and enthusiasm will it be proclaimed good, because you will be suspected of the modesty of true genius. True, with your next novel, your name will probably be disclosed, and will, therefore, attract twice its normal meed of attention; but once suspected of modesty, it will take æons of egoism on your part to dispel the kindly suspicion.

An Exception

Sometimes, of course, one finds a writer who persists in anonymity. In cases such as "Junius," and "Historicus," and the like, it matters not so very much. You know the *kind* of person who is writing, and perhaps prefer your surmise of his identity to its revelation. Again, when it is a "Ouida" or a "Rita" that writes, curiosity is only mild, because the sex and personality of the writer are as clear to you as, or clearer than, though their names, with the dreadful prefix "Mrs.," had been from the first avowed. In other cases, however, the omission is annoying. Particularly is this so when you have liked book number one, adored book number two, but—have been intensely irritated with book number three. In this case, wishing to be a candid friend, it is distressing to be compelled to fulminate against a nameless abstraction.

Photo *Wm. Crooks*

A Popular Novelist: Miss Kate Douglas Wiggin

The versatile and charming writer, whose new story-book is shortly to be published

"None So Pretty"

For instance, there was an anonymous book, called "A Discrepant World," published last year, about which I, in common with some thirty other selected critics, waxed mildly enthusiastic. There was a "quiet humour," "delicate characterisation," "charm of atmosphere," "observation," "pathos," "satire," "tragedy"—all the virtues rolled up into one volume. Well, in due course has come from the same anonymous author, *None So Pretty* (Longmans: 6*s.*). Now here is the same hand at work, but seen to very much less advantage. The theme is a simple enough one. A man infatuated with the vision of one girl, thinking he had forgotten her, marries another out of kindness and sympathy, coupled with the consideration that she is an heiress. Very soon the original girl reappears, and the "hero" discovers himself still infatuated, and more so; also, his wife takes a lover unto herself, and there are passionate incidents culminating in the shooting of the hero (Walton) by his rival (Menzies), and his subsequent death, ostensibly through a railway accident. Incidentally, the "other girl," Chloe, turns out not to have loved Walton at all, but yet another man, and so on. It is a succession of loves between "other" women and "other" men, assisted by somewhat coloured and melodramatic episodes, unnecessary here to specify, save, perhaps, to indicate that Chloe turns out to be the daughter, by a youthful intrigue, of a highly respectable baronet introduced early into the story. This story is entertaining and readable—though rather too long drawn out—because of the author's undoubted charm of style and humour. But he is not at home, evidently, in a story of general life, of broad emotions and sensational sequences. His touch is too refined. He lacks the smack and vim of the melodramatist. Local colour and characterisation are his staple gifts, and I hope that his successive books will be, like the teetotalism of a well-known Radical M.P., "strictly local."

The Financial Novel

Finance seems to be exercising a fascination over some writers as the field for the employment of the modern hero. Minute and technical descriptions of the means whereby fortunes are made would not seem exactly thrilling, and it is all the more creditable, therefore, that one should be able to pronounce as even readable a volume of this kind. In *Richard Elliott, Financier*, by George Carling (Sisleys: 6*s.*), the story is told of how a

young stenographer, actively eavesdropping at Board Meetings, manages to raise the wind to lay the foundation of a financial career, and later on to develop into a sort of Carnegie. It claims to lay bare the shameless methods of the Trusts, and to present the truest picture of American money-madness that has ever been drawn. There is a sentimental interest in the book which may rub off the edges for women-readers. In this connection, perhaps, I may include Mr. Edgar Jepson's *The Four Philanthropists* (Unwin: 6*s*.). This purports, I suppose, to be a humorous book, as have several of Mr. Jepson's other recent works. It tells of a scheme whereby four adventurous and imaginative gentlemen adopt finance as a means to philanthropy. They form a concern entitled "The General Philanthropic Company," the object being to remove, not crowned heads and statesmen, but wealthy men of business, one after another of these being "marked down" for "removal." Here, again, there is the needed sentimental touch to soften the action for the feminine reader. Mr. Jepson's humour need, of course, have no terrors for this type of gentle reader. It is not strong enough even to be stigmatised by her as "silly."

Whitewashing Burton Again

One of the very few inconveniences of dying with a reputation for wickedness is the rush there will surely be, among the good people, to be the first to whitewash you. Some chance word or deed of quite unintentional worthiness which has escaped you in some unguarded moment, is quite enough to assure you of a wholly spurious post-mortem reputation for domestic virtue and homeliness of habit. A case in point is poor Sir Richard Burton. Ever since "Ruffian Dick" died, a stream of books in his defence has issued forth to prove that he was, really, a fine character. So he was, doubtless, in some respects. Exactly how his memory will, however, be preserved by Mr. W. P. Dodge in *The Real Sir Richard Burton* (Unwin: 6*s*.) I am rather nonplussed to know. The facts and stories about Burton, his escapades, his romantic marriage, his paltry treatment by successive Governments, and the intrigues and scandals of which he was the victim, are all of them familiar. Mr. Dodge, however, has set them forth in a style so deadly matter-of-fact, and shorn so entirely of picturesque description, that one puts the book down with one's impression of Burton hardened rather than softened. One does not want bare facts about such a man as this. One wishes him legendised. Nobody without an imagination should attempt the task of his biography. The author is of the Middle Temple, a barrister, an F.R.G.S., and dedicates his work to President Roosevelt—facts which speak for themselves as to the extent to which he is likely to possess that needed attribute. Really, it is time that Burton's family requested his would-be whitewashers to take their pails and brushes away for a while, or it will become a matter of common humanity and respect for the dead to bring along a little tar or black-lead and retaliate.

A Tale of the Wild

"I wonder," says an "old frontiersman" in one of Mr. J. G. Neihardt's stories in *The Lonesome Trail* (John Lane: 6*s*.), "if the railroads haven't taken some of the iron out of the blood of men." The saying is notable, and if corroboration of it is needed, Mr. Neihardt's wonderful stories afford it. These are mostly of the wild—tales of the life in Missouri, before the railroad penetrated, when St. Louis was little more than a trading-port for French furriers. I can compare Mr. Neihardt to Rider Haggard and to Rudyard Kipling in the splendour of his imagination, and power of absorption of native folk-tales, while, in style, I do not know that he is not finer than either of them. There is a real breath of the wild in his stories—the loneliness, the tragedy, the fierce emotionalism of Indian and trader life is manifest and thrilling. Unlike some others who have affected the "wild" school of fiction, there are no linguistic excesses, no orgies of dialect and slang from beginning to end. The author's prose is singing and musical; to read it is almost as though one were listening to the strains of the "New World" symphony. His power of "atmosphere" is extraordinary; his Indians are the most wildly realistic that have whooped and hunted and feasted, wept and laughed and moaned, since the gentle Hiawatha. Decidedly one of the finest short-story books Mr. Lane has issued of late.

VIVIAN CARTER.

Photo *Bunnett*

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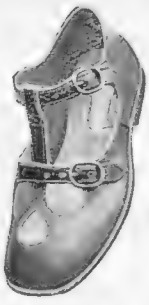

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Larger Sizes in proportion.

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Gown lined Silk throughout, and veiled Chiffon, in Ecru and White only.

Price 9½ Guineas.

VERE ST. and OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.

By Mrs. JACK MAY

As I write we are all, with amazing courage, endeavouring to defy the elements and exploit summery attire in arctic weather. The pinafore bodice, kimono or *fichu* style, which exacts the supplementary addition of lingerie chemisette and sleeves, is perhaps the most trying we could have devised, the exposure of the white accessories, on which so much of the effect depends, being essential. Dear as dress is to me, I fear I lack courage before this shivering demand, and incline to the services of some light-weight, picturesque cloth wrap, which reminds me I have a mission to talk about

Miss Marie Löhr's costume in "My Wife"

(Sketched at the Haymarket Theatre by Dorothy Millar)

The Dresses at the Haymarket

They are really quite remarkably good are the clothes worn throughout this most amusing light farcical comedy, *My Wife*, and afford a clear index as to the mood of *La Mode*. It may perhaps be prejudice, but it seems to me that a good many of the tempered situations are saved by the emphatic Parisian dressing. Take the Baroness Granclos, in the second act. One realises immediately the sort of lady she is. No other would have dared that remarkable toilette of white cashmere, a tailor-made —*bien entendu*—the fitting coat closely defining the exuberant figure, ornamented with broad bands of a chintz cretonne. Then the extravagance of her hat, a large drooping affair of dead white chip, the brim bound black velvet, while over the crown there are flung literally crowds of white lilac and pink roses, one brobdingnagian bloom accentuating the front.

Representative Examples of the Tailor-Made

Delightfully representative examples of the tailor-made, of not so necessarily extravagant an order, are worn by Miss Joy Chatwyn as Mme. Dupré. Every woman desirous of realising the last development of the Chinois sleeve, should go to the Haymarket and see Miss Chatwyn's grey and white striped cloth. How this is worked into a long-basqued, close-fitting coat no mere words can describe, the fronts opening with long black taffeta lapels on the ubiquitous double lingerie frill, lacking which no tailor-made is accounted quite *comme il faut*. Her small hat is of *cannelle* straw, packed at one side with faded pink and green roses, a cluster of ospreys toned to the same shade falling over the other. The most notable feature of Mme. Dupré's second effort of biscuit cloth is one of the new broad-pleated skirts, which is worn with a cut-away jacket, modelled on the lines of a man's morning coat, trimmed with exceedingly broad silk braid of harmonising hue, the toque accompanying this being a study in autumn tints. In the dressing of charming Miss Marie Löhr, Redfern—who, by the way, *vide* the programme, is responsible for both dresses and hats — has been especially happy. Miss Löhr makes her first appearance in a very delicate biscuit checked cloth, relieved by touches of palest blue cloth. The coat, one of those impertinently short semi-sacques, is unclosed to show a vest of blue. The skirt, which is a genuine *trotteuse*, is adorned with a profusion of flat silk braid, and when she first makes her appearance Miss Löhr carries one of the above-mentioned short cloth cloaks, lined with satin.

Some Charming Hats

Every hat worn by this clever young actress is a dream, the one surmounting the foregoing costume being of lustrous straw in a greenish grey tone, the brim brought down low and close to the head at the back, a mass of white wings with a head, the which, though never seen in bird life, is highly effective from a millinerial point of view.

Infinitely charming also is the *chapeau*, of which all too short a glimpse is gained in the third act, and which is included in our sketch. This, of pale-grey straw, is showered with long-stalked flowers, like cowslips, that issue from beneath a big black taffeta bow at the left side, and accompanies a sweet frock of pale-grey *marquisette*; the full, slightly high-waist skirt is inlet with a broad *entredeux* of grey *filet* lace, outlined above and below with a close embroidery of fine silk braid. The latter is again repeated in the graceful Japan corsage, together with the *filet* lace, a novel note occurring in a piping of cowslip-pink satin about the armholes and tiny V *décolletage*, a tucked chemisette and picturesque frilly sleeves of net and lace affording the necessary lingerie note. As surely is *My Wife* a sartorial as it is a histrionic triumph.

Photo *Henri Manuel*

A Stylish Millinery Mode, by Marie Crozet, of Paris

Stoles and Ruffles

There was a distracting moment when tulle ruffles trembled in the balance of favour; but the crisis is safely passed and our favourite summer neck-fitment reinstated. In the form of *plissé* Toby frills, they are selling extraordinarily well—too well, perhaps, from the point of view of those exclusively minded, who are advised rather to seek out a brobdingnagian ruche arrangement of doubled tulle, divided in the centre by a twist of *souple* ribbon that resolves in centre, back, and at either end into large out-spreading bows. There is a most significant run, moreover, on short marabout stoles—not necessarily the best marabout, since it is frequently augmented with tulle or short ostrich strands, the whole consummating an exceptionally full, rich appearance.

Another dainty ruffle is of tulle, hemmed *bébé* ribbon, and finished with little floral clusters tucked into the folds of the transparency. And while the thought is with me, at one representative house for chiffons of every description, they are showing a hand-plaited straw belt, that closes with a straw buckle, and is as effective in wear as it is novel in idea. In the choosing of belts this year I would urge much caution. There is such an influx of cheap stuff on the market, that is inevitably tempting, and as equally inevitably disappointing, that it behoves one to have care. A suède belt, dyed exactly the tone of the skirt, makes all the difference in the world to the general appearance, when a lingerie slip concludes the story. And these correct suède belts may be known by the sign of an appreciable price.

A Stylish Millinery Mode from Paris

The milliner responsible for this dressy *chapeau* is Marie Crozet, the picture disclosing the extravagant lengths reached in ostrich feathers, while a scheme of colouring that suggests itself pleasantly, comprises a cinnamon straw, with shaded feather, starting from a soft full rosette of oak-leaf green satin.

Truefitt's, 13-14, Old Bond Street

This old-established firm is always among the first to exploit the fresh vogues laid down by Parisian headquarters. They have that spirit of adaptation which is, above all things, necessary where the Englishwoman is concerned, and are at the moment well prepared with the happiest evolvement of the approved Greek chignon, fashioned with an entirely new disposition of cluster curls. The *toupée* they advise is a broken pompadour, while there is a significant uplifting of the hands before a suggestion of the dip that is entirely *démodé*, according to Truefitt and the highest authorities.

The *postiche* work turned out here is irreproachable, and is, consequently, not to be lightly passed over. In response to an almost general demand for coiffurial accessories, nowadays accepted and worn without protest or apology, the market is flooded with a great deal of cheap meretricious stuff, whereas reliable *postiche* work cannot, on the face of things, be cheap in the accepted sense of the definition.

What one would, I suppose, call a side issue, is Lysonia, although this series of powder, perfume, sachets, and soap has attached sufficient fame unto itself to entitle it to be called a big issue. A tiny booklet, to be had for the asking, gives all details anent Lysonia, together with the prices, one acceptable little adjunct being Lysonia felt, a soft absorbent material embodying the perfume that is highly efficacious placed in handkerchief and glove sachets.

Truefitt's new lilac scent, also, is the finest, most subtle essence of the flower it is possible to imagine.

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NOURISHES BRAIN & BODY

IMPROVES DIGESTION

DRIVES AWAY DYSPEPSIA

DISPELS NERVOUSNESS

BRIGHTENS THE INTELLECT

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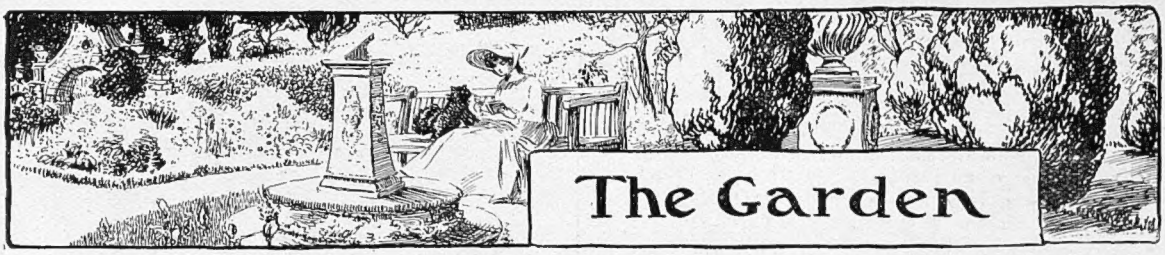

Plans for Bedding

In the Southern counties, at any rate, all bedding plants, unless they are exceptionally tender, may now be put outside. It may not be safe just yet to transfer some of them to the beds, nor is it advisable to do so, for they should be gradually accustomed to full exposure to sunlight and air. If they were planted out straight from the greenhouse, their foliage would turn yellow, and growth would be checked for a time. A cold frame, with the lights off, except in very inclement weather, is the best place for them; but if one cannot be spared for the purpose, a sheltered and fairly sunny corner will do quite well if there is some means of hanging matting round them in case frost should threaten. Of course, the bedding arrangements should be mapped out beforehand. The most frequent mistake is the mixing of crude and incongruous colours. Harmony is not only safe, but also more effective than contrast, and for small beds, if not for large ones, an artistic blending of different shades of the same colour is far more beautiful than a harsh combination of different colours. The old plan of lines of blue lobelia, yellow calceolarias, and scarlet geraniums, has been abandoned in most gardens, but there is still plenty of room for improvement, as a stroll in almost any of our public parks in summer will show.

Formal v. Natural Bedding

During the last quarter of a century much has been written against formal gardening of any kind, and though it still has many adherents, they have certainly shown some signs of wavering. One of the best known among them advises that, to break the stiffness of outline, the plants at the edge of the bed should be allowed to ramble out among the grass. There cannot be much doubt that the advice is wrong. If put into practice, it does not add to the naturalness of the arrangement; it merely makes the bed look untidy. Between formal gardening and natural gardening there is no possibility of compromise. But that is no condemnation of the former. Rightly used, it has its value. It is in its proper place when brought into juxtaposition with the stiff outlines of architecture, and there it serves as a sort of introduction to the more natural garden beyond. Indeed, it may have had something to do with the improvement of that garden. For the idea of bedding is to provide masses of colour, and that idea has been applied comparatively recently to the mixed border, which formerly was very mixed, all manner of plants being dotted about singly. Now we arrange them in large groups, and the gain in effect is great. This may be one of the lessons which bedding has taught us.

H. C. Davidson.

A Fine Specimen of Formal Bedding